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CHARITON

CHÆREAS AND CALLIRHOE

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Introduction

Chaereas and Callirhoe is probably the earliest extant work of Greek prose fiction. It is thus the first European novel, and as such is interesting on literary-historical grounds as well as for itself. Its author, Chariton, tells us at the outset that he is from Aphrodisias and is the secretary of the *rhetor* Athenagoras. The name Chariton means "man of graces," and was once thought too good to be true for an inhabitant of the city of Aphrodite; but it can be shown to be authentic. Aphrodisias lay inland in southwestern Turkey, just south of the fertile valley of the Maeander; it has been called the Florence of antiquity, from the flowering of sculpture and other arts there in late Hellenistic and early imperial times.[1] *Rhetor* in this context means "lawyer," and the story shows detailed knowledge of legal processes, as in the "sale" of Callirhoe in Book 1. Chariton's employer may possibly have been a known figure of the early second century A.D.,[2] but Chariton's style suggests a rather earlier date for his work: he does not "atticize," that is write in the archaizing Greek fashionable from the late first century A.D. onward, and was an ambitious enough writer to have done so had he lived in that period. But style is an unreliable criterion, and Chariton has been placed as early as the first century B.C.[3] My own guess at his date is about the middle of the first century A.D. The geographical and social background of one of the story's

1. The city is described by its excavator, Kenan T. Erim, in *Aphrodisias: City of Venus Aphrodite* (New York and London, 1986).

2. See C. Ruiz Montero, "Una observación para la cronologia de Caritón de Afrodisias," *Estudios Clásicos* 24(1980): 63–69; the article gives a useful summary of attempts to date Chariton.

3. See A. D. Papanikolaou, *Chariton-Studien* (Göttingen, 1973), on Chariton's language and (hence) date.

main locations, the region of Miletus, certainly seems to fit that area of Asia Minor in the early Roman Empire.

Chariton's own title for his story may well have been simply *Callirhoe*—as his last sentence would suggest—but we cannot be sure of that, and I have preferred to keep the traditional title.[4] Although the background of the work reflects the contemporary world, it is a historical novel, set in the fourth century B.C.; the historical setting is vague, however, and displays a number of anachronisms. Hermocrates, the father of the heroine Callirhoe, was a Syracusan statesman and leader in the successful resistance to the Athenian expedition against Sicily in 415–413. He died in 407, but the story reflects a number of historical events and people distributed over most of the fourth century, including the siege of Tyre by Alexander the Great in 332. Callirhoe herself shares this historical aura to some extent, for Hermocrates did have a daughter who died accidentally. Chaereas is not based on any known Syracusan figure, but his adventures recall, as well as those of Alexander, the exploits of an Athenian professional soldier of the early fourth century, Chabrias; and his father, Ariston, has the same name as the prominent member of the victorious Syracusan navy. Furthermore, the form of Chariton's opening sentence is modeled on those of Herodotus and Thucydides, and there are other echoes of historiographical and biographical writing throughout the work. The Persian king Artaxerxes clearly represents the historical Artaxerxes II Mnemon (reigned 404–358), whose wife, like Chariton's Persian queen, was called Statira; he may also recall Artaxerxes III Ochus (reigned 358–338), for he too successfully withstood a revolt by Egypt, as does Chariton's king. Dionysius, the noble seigneur in Chariton's story, has the same name as two fourth-century tyrants of Syracuse. His domain, Miletus, is in the Persian Empire, but historically Miletus was not under Persian control in the fourth century until 368.

It is not clear how this historical content should be interpreted. A number of early novels (*Ninus, Sesonchosis, Metiochus and Parthenope*—see the Fragments in this volume) share this historiographical character with the present work, as does the later *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus. If the whole genre of romance was a development of the rather melodramatic historical writing that characterized the Hellenistic period—which is entirely possible—then perhaps we need look no farther for an explanation. But it is perhaps just as likely that Chariton deliberately used a historical setting, and familiar episodes and names from Greek tradition, to titillate the interest of his audience, much as modern novelists sometimes do; such a setting carries with it a certain degree of superficial credibility, which in the early stages of the form would render the fictitious content the more palatable. In a somewhat similar vein, Chariton, who while not

4. The title appears in the manuscript as *The Love Story of Chaereas and Callirhoe* and in a papyrus as *Callirhoe*.

obviously erudite has clearly read his "classics," is always ready with a quotation from Homer or a reminiscence of Xenophon of Athens (*Anabasis, Cyropaedia*), and can produce echoes of Demosthenes and other writers to please the more cultivated of his readers. Certainly he is thoroughly devoted to the Greek tradition, and makes much play with the standard theme of the superiority of Greeks over all other races, notably Persians. The term *barbaros* comes readily to his pen; basically it means simply "non-Greek," but it often implies "consequently uncivilized."

Only one manuscript of the story survives, and it is late (thirteenth century) and unreliable. Some papyrus fragments strongly suggest that the story was popular and widely distributed in Egypt in the second century A.D. Thus Chariton (together with Xenophon of Ephesus, whose *Ephesian Story* also survived only in the manuscript just mentioned) represents the stage between the fragments (which have surfaced only in the last hundred years) and the fuller tradition of more sophisticated texts like that of Heliodorus. He survived by the skin of his teeth, and this fact is as good evidence as any for the reputation of the genre, especially the earliest specimens of it, in antiquity. There is also a snide, dismissive reference to one Chariton, a writer of "stories" (*logoi*), in a work by Philostratus from the early third century (it is quite possible that Chariton wrote other novels—see Fragments, *Chione* and *Metiochus and Parthenope*). In modern times Chariton, with Xenophon, had to wait until the eighteenth century to become known, no doubt largely because of the slender earlier tradition; the first edition of *Chaereas and Callirhoe* appeared in 1750. This tardy appearance has in turn contributed to modern neglect of his work, which was not edited scientifically until 1938, by W. E. Blake. It was also at one time considered (by the influential Rohde) to be a very late example of the genre, particularly simple in style and therefore particularly decadent. As a result of widespread disregard of Greek literature of the imperial period this opinion persisted, even though by the very beginning of this century papyri had already established a much earlier date for the story. The process of rehabilitation of Chariton began in the 1920s, but has only recently gathered momentum; Northrop Frye, for instance, in *The Secular Scripture,* a wide-ranging study of the romance form published in 1976, is apparently unaware of his existence, although he mentions other ancient novelists often.

In general the translation is based on Blake's text, which needs systematic attention but cannot receive it here. To reduce annotation I have refrained from mentioning my not infrequent departures from it where they can be followed from Blake's full critical apparatus. I have, however, indicated emendations based on more recent work, with brief references which I hope will be sufficient and convenient for those interested. Blake's edition, however, although it is indispensable for detailed study, is not always readily accessible; those who wish to consult a Greek text

will find in the Budé series one which will serve for general purposes. As for the translation, Chariton's language is straightforward literary *koine,* and should be represented by unaffected though not cheap English; that is what I have aimed at. For extensive and scholarly discussion of several literary-historical topics that can only be adumbrated here, the reader is referred especially to the excellent introduction by K. Plepelits to his German translation; full and useful running commentary will also be found there and in another recent translation by C. Lucke and K.-H. Schäfer. I should like to acknowledge here my debt to the work of these scholars.

Other novels are elaborate in structure; *Chaereas and Callirhoe* is simple and linear, with an uncomplicated narrative manner. The amount of pure narration involved, in fact, is relatively small. The greater part of the text is occupied by *dramatic* presentation of the story, and much of that is actually in direct speech.[5] Drama is indeed the main quality of the story; Chariton is ever alert for dramatic possibilities and revels in their exploitation. He is also fond of rhetorical devices, especially paradox and antithesis. The modern reader may tire of it, but this is the style of such works, and as a style it is no more artificial than, say, that of opera. The work has indeed a certain affinity with opera: time and again a crisis in her life sees Callirhoe launch on an "aria," like a prima donna, and Chariton does not spare the melodrama as his heroine finds herself in ever more poignant situations. The most striking, no doubt, is that in which she is compelled to decide between loyalty to a husband whom she loves, but believes lost forever, and duty to and maternal affection for his unborn child: should she or should she not, in the child's interest, marry the rich and noble seigneur Dionysius? Chariton makes this heartrending choice the emotional center of his story, and builds his narrative around it; structurally the novel is for most of its length an account of the ever-mounting tension created by the claims to Callirhoe's hand of a series of increasingly highly placed suitors. The author gives the impression that Tyche—Fortune—is dominating the action, but again he does so for the emotional value of the idea, since in reality he is usually unobtrusively clever in motivating his action, as in distributing it among his cast of characters. Similarly, his rhetoric often cloaks acute psychological observation of his characters; this is especially true in the case of the minor actors, for hero and heroine attitudinize at every opportunity. One way or another, the reader's attention is constantly directed towards the emotion generated by his heroes' situation.

B. E. Perry called *Chaereas and Callirhoe* "Greek romance as it should be written." Certainly it makes the most of one set of possibilities that the form of prose fiction has developed in various periods—its potential

5. See Tomas Hägg, *Narrative Technique in Ancient Greek Romances: Studies of Chariton, Xenophon Ephesius and Achilles Tatius* (Stockholm, 1971).

for "romantic" content, in fact. In such a story, convention rules: Beauty will lead inevitably to Love, Love to Marriage, and Marriage—after vicissitudes—to Felicity. In this respect the story is far removed from the altogether sterner world of older Greek literature, tragedy and epic. *Chaereas and Callirhoe* is unmistakably postclassical. It cannot be said to transcend its times, but it may be thought to represent its Hellenistic-imperial world as well as any other specimen of that world's creative literature.

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CHÆREAS AND CALLIRHOE

Book One

MY NAME IS CHARITON, of Aphrodisias, and I am clerk to the attorney Athenagoras. I am going to tell you the story of a love affair that took place in Syracuse.[1] 1

1. See the Introduction for Chariton himself and the historical setting of this story.

The Syracusan general Hermocrates, the man who defeated the Athenians, had a daughter called Callirhoe. She was a wonderful girl, the pride of all Sicily; her beauty was more than human, it was divine, and it was not the beauty of a Nereid or mountain nymph at that, but of the maiden Aphrodite herself.[2] Report of the astonishing vision spread everywhere, and suitors flocked to Syracuse, rulers and tyrants' sons, not just from Sicily but from southern Italy too and farther north, and from foreigners in those parts.[3] But Eros intended to make a match of his own devising. There was a young man called Chaereas, surpassingly handsome, like Achilles and Nireus and Hippolytus and Alcibiades as sculptors and painters portray them.[4] His father, Ariston, was second only to Hermocrates in Syracuse, and the two were political rivals, so that they would have made a marriage alliance with anyone rather than with each other. But Eros likes to win and enjoys succeeding against the odds. He looked for his opportunity and found it as follows.

A public festival of Aphrodite took place, and almost all the women went to her temple. Callirhoe had never been out in public before, but her father wanted her to do reverence to the goddess, and her mother took her. Just at that time Chaereas was walking home from the gymnasium; he was radiant as a star, the flush of exercise blooming on his bright countenance like gold on silver. Now, chance would have it that at the corner of a narrow street the two walked straight into each other; the god had contrived the meeting so that each should see the other. At once they were both smitten with love ...[5] beauty had met nobility.

Chaereas, so stricken, could barely make his way home; he was like a hero mortally wounded in battle, too proud to fall but too weak to stand. The girl, for her part, fell at Aphrodite's feet and kissed them. "Mistress," she cried, "give me the man you showed me for my husband!" When night came, it brought suffering to both, for the fire was raging in them. The girl suffered more, because she could not bear to give herself away and so said nothing to anyone. But when Chaereas began to waste away bodily, he found courage, as befitted a youth of noble

2. "Maiden" is not, of course, the usual attribute of Aphrodite, but is attested for her at her birth; in any event, the title can apply to others as little qualified for it, such as Hera and Cybele.

3. Literally "from Italy and the tribes on the continent." Here, Chariton appears to be carrying his historicizing approach to the point of using the term Italy in its classical Greek sense of "Southern Italy"—i.e., the toe of Italy, or modern Calabria, which was heavily hellenized and indeed known then as "Greater Greece." North of that, "on the continent," there were other Greek settlements, such as Neapolis (Naples). The "foreigners" are simply non-Greeks. See K. Plepelits, *Chariton von Aphrodisias: Kallirhoe* (Stuttgart, 1976), 159–60.

4. Achilles and Nireus are described in *Iliad* 2.673–74 as the handsomest men in the Greek army at Troy; Hippolytus's beauty notoriously attracted his stepmother, Phaedra. Alcibiades, the only historical figure in this list, was a notably handsome Athenian aristocrat and public figure of the late fifth century (see, for example, Plato's *Symposium*).

5. The text is incomplete and uncertain here.

and generous disposition, to tell his parents that he was in love and would die if he did not marry Callirhoe. At this his father groaned and said: "Then I have lost you, my boy! Hermocrates would certainly never give you his daughter when he has so many rich and royal suitors for her. You must not even try to win her, or we shall be publicly insulted." Then the father tried to comfort his son, but his illness grew so serious that he did not even go out and follow his usual pursuits. The gymnasium missed Chaereas; it was almost deserted, for he was the idol of the young folk. They asked after him, and when they found out what had made him ill, they all felt pity for a handsome youth who looked as if he would die because his noble heart was broken.

A regular assembly took place at this time. When the people had taken their seats, their first and only cry was: "Noble Hermocrates, great general, save Chaereas! That will be your finest monument! The city pleads for the marriage, today, of a pair worthy of each other!" Who could describe that assembly? It was dominated by Eros. Hermocrates loved his country and could not refuse what it asked. When he gave his consent, the whole meeting rushed from the theater; the young men went off to find Chaereas, the council and archons escorted Hermocrates, and the Syracusans' wives too went to his house, to attend the bride. The sound of the marriage hymn pervaded the city, the streets were filled with garlands and torches, porches were wet with wine and perfume. The Syracusans celebrated this day even more joyously than the day of their victory.

The girl knew nothing of all this; she lay on her bed, her face covered, crying and uttering not a word. Her nurse came to her as she lay there. "Get up, my child," she said. "The day we have all been praying so hard for has come: the city is here to see you married!"

And then her limbs gave way, her heart felt faint,[6]

for she did not know whom she was going to marry. She fainted there and then; darkness veiled her eyes, and she almost expired; the spectators thought it maidenly modesty. As soon as her maids had dressed her, the crowd at the door went away, and his parents brought the bridegroom in to the girl. Well, Chaereas ran to her and kissed her; and when she saw it was the man she loved, Callirhoe, like the flame in a lamp that is on the point of going out and has oil poured into it, at once grew bright again and bigger and stronger. When she appeared in public the whole crowd was struck with wonder, as when Artemis appears to hunters in lonely places; many of those present actually went down on their knees in wor-

6. A formulaic verse that occurs several times in Homer (e.g., *Iliad* 21.114) and is quoted by Chariton several times.

ship. They all thought Callirhoe beautiful and Chaereas lucky. It was like the wedding of Thetis on Pelion as poets describe it. But just as Strife turned up there, according to the story, so did a malicious spirit here.[7]

2 The suitors were distressed and angry at their failure to win Callirhoe's hand. So whereas they had so far been rivals, they now fell into accord; in that accord, and considering themselves insulted, they joined counsel; and their marshal in the campaign against Chaereas was Envy. A young Italian, the son of the tyrant of Rhegium,[8] rose to speak first. "If one of us had married her," he said, "I should not have been angry; as in athletic competitions, only one contestant can win. But we have been passed over for a man who made no effort to win the bride, and I am not putting up with that insult. We have lain waking at the door of her house, we have curried favor with her nurses and maids, we have sent presents to the servants who brought her up. How long have we been her slaves? What is worst of all, we have come to hate each other, as rivals. And with kings competing for the prize, this nancy-boy, this worthless pauper carries it off without lifting a finger. Well, he must get no good of it; let us make his marriage fatal to the bridegroom."

They all showed their approval except the tyrant of Acragas,[9] who opposed the suggestion. "It is not any goodwill towards Chaereas," he said, "that makes me object to this design against him; it is prudence. Hermocrates, remember, is not a man to be casually disregarded. An open fight with him is out of the question; an intelligent approach is better—after all, that is how we become tyrants, by cunning, not by force. Elect me leader of the campaign against Chaereas, and I promise you I shall break up this marriage. I shall set Jealousy in arms against him, and with Love as ally he will bring about a catastrophe. Callirhoe, I know, is sensible, and she doesn't know what malice and suspicion are. But Chaereas has been brought up in the gymnasium, and he does know how young people misbehave; it will be easy to arouse his suspicions and make him jealous, as young men are liable to be. Besides, we can approach him more easily and talk to him."

They all acclaimed his proposal before the words were out of his mouth, and thinking him capable of anything, entrusted its execution to him. So he embarked on the following scheme.

7. When the Nereid Thetis, the future mother of Achilles, married the mortal Peleus on Mount Pelion, all the gods and goddesses were invited except Eris (Strife). Eris threw into the assembly an apple destined "for the fairest"; when Athena, Hera, and Aphrodite all claimed it, Zeus ordained that judgment be made by Paris, the son of Priam of Troy. This ultimately led to the abduction of Helen and to the Trojan War. The wedding of Peleus and Thetis is a favorite theme in art and literature.

8. Reggio, in Calabria.

9. Agrigento, in Sicily.

It was evening, and a man came with the news[10] that Chaereas's fa- 3
ther, Ariston, had fallen from a ladder on his farm and was very unlikely to live. When Chaereas heard this, much as he loved his father, he was even more distressed at having to go off by himself—because he could not yet take his bride out.[11] During that night, although no one went so far as to pay an obvious riotous visit to the house, they did come secretly and unseen, and left evidence of a party about: they hung wreaths about the porch and sprinkled it with scent, they soaked the ground with wine, they scattered half-burnt torches around.

Dawn broke. People are generally inquisitive, and everybody who passed that way stopped. Chaereas, whose father was feeling better, was hurrying to his wife. His first reaction when he saw the crowd at his door was one of surprise, but when he found out why they were there he ran in like a man possessed. He found the bedroom door still locked and banged violently on it. When the maid opened it he burst in on Callirhoe; his anger gave way to grief, and he tore his clothes and began to cry. She asked him what had happened; he stood dumb, unable either to disbelieve what he had seen or to believe what he did not want to believe. He did not know what to think, and as he stood trembling, his wife, who had no idea what had happened, begged him to tell her why he was angry. His eyes bloodshot, he said in a voice hoarse with passion, "It is what has happened to me that I am crying about; you have forgotten me straightaway!" and he reproached her with the riotous party. But she was a general's daughter and a very proud girl; she flared up at this unjust accusation and cried: "There has been no riotous party at my father's house! Perhaps *your* house is used to parties, and your lovers are upset at your marriage!" With these words she turned away, covered her face, and burst into tears. But lovers are easily reconciled; they gladly accept any justification from each other; and so Chaereas changed his tone and began to talk winningly to her, and his wife quickly welcomed his change of heart. This increased the ardor of their love, and the parents of both thought themselves lucky when they saw how well their children got on.

Faced with the failure of his first plot, the man from Acragas now em- 4
barked on a more effective plan, thinking up the following trick. He had

10. The opening words of this sentence are an exact quotation from a dramatic passage of Demosthenes' famous speech *On the Crown* (169), where the orator is recalling how news came to Athens of Philip's capture of Elatea in his advance into Greece in 339 B.C. Chariton also uses the phrase later (8.1) in even briefer, but still recognizable, form, again to foreshadow a rise in tension.

11. It was customary for a woman on marrying not to appear in public for a time. When she had proved her loyalty by producing a child, she was entrusted with domestic responsibilities (cf. 3.7) and with greater freedom.

a follower who was glib of tongue and fully endowed with social graces of every kind. He told him off to play the part of a lover; his job was to fall at the feet of Callirhoe's personal maid, the most prized of her servants, and gain her love. She was reluctant, but he was insistent and managed to win her over by giving her handsome presents and saying he would hang himself if he did not get what he wanted—a woman is easy prey when she thinks she is loved.[12] Well, when he had laid the groundwork, the director of this drama found another actor, not as ingratiating as the first, but a cunning, plausible fellow; he rehearsed him in what he was to do and say and quietly got him to approach Chaereas, who did not know him. The man did so as Chaereas was strolling idly around the palaestra. "Chaereas," he said, "I once had a son myself, of your age—he was a great admirer of yours and very fond of you, when he was alive. Now he is dead, I count you as my son—indeed, 'your happiness is a blessing shared'[13] by all Sicily. So let me talk to you when you have a moment to spare; I have something important to tell you, which affects your whole life."

By talking like that this wretch set the young man's mind agog and filled him with hope and fear and curiosity. When Chaereas begged him to speak, he held back, saying that the present moment was not suitable and that they should put things off until they had more time to spare. Chaereas began to suspect something serious and insisted all the more. The other grasped his arm and took him off to a quiet spot. Then he frowned, assumed a sad expression, and even let a tear drop from his eye. "Chaereas," he said, "it distresses me to have bad news to give you; I have been wanting to tell you for some time but could not bring myself to do so. But now that things have reached the point where you are being openly abused and the scandal is public gossip I cannot keep quiet; I detest wickedness anyway, that's my nature, but above all I am well disposed towards you. Know then that your wife is unfaithful to you. To convince you I will let you watch her lover compromise himself."

> At these words a black cloud of grief covered him;
> with both hands he took dark dust and poured it over his head,
> defiling his lovely countenance.[14]

For a long time he lay dumb, unable to speak or raise his eyes from the ground. When he managed to find his voice—a small voice, not like his

12. Chariton is fond of sententious utterances of this kind; sometimes they echo extant phrases from New Comedy, especially Menander (here, frag. 290, "Any man in love is naturally easily led"), but sometimes we can only suspect an echo of a line now lost (as in 1.3, "Lovers are easily reconciled").

13. Another echo of Menander, frag. 542.

14. *Iliad* 18.22–24 (Achilles on hearing of the death of Patroclus); the passage is used again at 5.2.

normal one—he said: "It is a wretched favor to ask of you, to let me see my misfortune with my own eyes. Show it to me, though, so that I have better reason for killing myself; for I will not harm Callirhoe even though she is doing me wrong." "Say you are going off to the country," said the other, "and when it gets dark, watch your house; you will see her lover go in."

They agreed on this. Chaereas sent a message—he could not bear even to go into the house himself—to say he was going off to the country; and the villainous author of the slander set the scene. So, when night fell, Chaereas went to keep watch, and the man who had seduced Callirhoe's maid darted into the lane. He adopted the manner of a man who wants to keep his business secret, but in fact did everything he could to be noticed: his hair was gleaming and heavily scented; his eyes were made up; he had a soft cloak and fine shoes; heavy rings gleamed on his fingers. Then, after much looking about him, he went to the door, knocked softly on it, and gave the usual signal. The maid, who was very frightened herself, quietly opened the door a few inches, took his hand, and drew him in. When he saw this, Chaereas could restrain himself no longer and rushed in to catch the lover red-handed and kill him.[15]

Now the lover had hidden by the outer door, and he slipped out at once. Callirhoe, however, was sitting on her bed longing for Chaereas, so sad that she had not even lit a lamp. Footsteps sounded; she recognized her husband before anyone else did, by the sound of his breathing, and ran joyfully to him. He could not find his voice to revile her; overcome by his anger, he kicked her as she ran to him. Now his foot found its mark in the girl's diaphragm and stopped her breath. She fell down, and her maids picked her up and laid her on her bed.

So Callirhoe lay there unconscious, not breathing; she looked to ev- 5
eryone as if she were dead, and Rumor ran all over the town, spreading the news of the catastrophe and arousing cries of grief throughout the narrow streets right down to the sea; wailing was to be heard on all sides—it was like the fall of a city. Chaereas, whose heart was still seething, shut himself up all night, trying to extort information from the maids, especially Callirhoe's own maid. It was while they were undergoing fire and torture that he learned the truth.[16] At that, in an access of pity for his dead wife, he desperately wanted to kill himself; but Polycharmus would not let him (Polycharmus was a special friend of his, as Patroclus was of Achilles in Homer).

15. This was legal in Greece; this is the basis of Lysias's speech *On the Murder of Eratosthenes,* our principal source in the matter.

16. Slaves were tortured as a matter of course in trials or similar circumstances, on the assumption that they would not tell the truth otherwise

When day came, the council empaneled a jury to try the murderer and hurried the trial on out of respect for Hermocrates; and the whole body politic as well quickly gathered in the town square, with various excited cries. The unsuccessful suitors incited the crowd to anger—especially the man from Acragas, radiant and proud at having brought off a feat beyond everyone's expectations. And something strange happened, that had never happened before in a trial: after the speech for the prosecution, the murderer, when his time was allotted him,[17] instead of defending himself, launched into an even more bitter self-condemnation and took the lead in finding himself guilty. He used none of the arguments he could reasonably have used in his defense—that he was a victim of malicious slander, that he was moved by jealousy, that his action was involuntary; instead, he begged them all: "Stone me to death in public; I have robbed our community of its crowning glory! It would be charitable to hand me over to the executioner; that would have been my proper punishment if it had been merely Hermocrates' servant girl I had killed; try to find some unspeakable way to punish me. I have done something worse than any temple robber or parricide. Do not give me burial; do not pollute the earth—plunge my criminal body to the bottom of the sea!"

At these words a cry of grief burst forth; everybody abandoned the dead girl in sorrow for the living man. Hermocrates was the first to come to Chaereas's defense. "I know very well that what happened was unintended," he said. "I have my eye on those who are conspiring against us. They shall not have two deaths to gloat over; I am not going to give my daughter's spirit cause for sorrow—I often heard her say she would rather Chaereas should live than herself. So let us close this trial, which is futile, and move on to the funeral, which is necessary; we should not give her corpse into the hands of time; we should not let her body decay and lose its loveliness; let us bury Callirhoe while she is still beautiful."

6 So the jury acquitted Chaereas. But Chaereas could not acquit himself; rather, he desired passionately to die and sought every means to end his days. When Polycharmus saw that he had no other means of saving him, he said: "Traitor to your dead wife! Are you not even staying to bury Callirhoe? Are you entrusting her body to others' hands? Now is the time for you to make sure that she is buried with costly offerings and see to it that her funeral is fit for a queen." This argument convinced him; it inspired in him proper pride and serious concern. What description could do justice to that funeral? Callirhoe, as she lay there dressed in her bridal clothes, on a bier decorated with gold, bigger and lovelier than in life,

17. Speakers in trials were allotted a fixed period of time, which was measured by a water clock (*clepsydra*) in the manner of a domestic egg timer; the text here says, literally, "when his water was measured."

made everyone think how like the sleeping Ariadne[18] she looked. In front of the bier went, first, the Syracusan cavalry with their horses, in ceremonial dress; after them, infantry carrying reminders of Hermocrates' victories; then the council, and among the citizens, the archons,[19] all escorting Hermocrates. Ariston too, not yet recovered, was being carried; he kept calling Callirhoe his daughter and his lady. After this came the citizens' wives, dressed in black. Then there was a royal profusion of funeral offerings: first, the gold and silver from the dowry; beautiful clothing and jewelry—Hermocrates added to it a lot of the booty he had taken; and gifts from relatives and friends. Last of all followed Chaereas's wealth; he passionately wanted, if it had been possible, to consign all his property to flames along with his wife's corpse.[20] The bier was carried by the young men of Syracuse,[21] and the rest of the population followed it. Amid the lamentations of the mourners, Chaereas's voice was loudest. Hermocrates owned a magnificent vault near the sea—on a ship you could see it from far out. This was filled with the costly offerings, like a votive building.[22] And what was done in the intention of paying honor to the dead girl started a train of greater events.

This was what happened. There was a man called Theron, a scoundrel 7
whose criminal trade it was to sail the seas and have thugs handily stationed with boats in harbors under cover of being ferrymen; from them he made up pirate crews. Theron had been about at the funeral; his gaze had fastened on the gold, and when he went to bed that night he could not sleep for thinking: "Why should I risk my life battling with the sea and killing living people and not getting much out of it, when I can get rich from one dead body? Let the die be cast; I won't miss a chance like that of making money. Now, whom shall I recruit for the job? Think,

18. After Ariadne helped Theseus in his fight with the Minotaur (by giving him a ball of thread with which to retrace his steps in the labyrinth), Theseus took her away with him. On the way back to Athens, however, he abandoned her, leaving her sleeping on the shore of the island of Naxos; Dionysus found her there and lay with her. The theme of "Ariadne asleep" was popular in literature and art.

19. I have here adopted the emendation of Lucke-Schäfer, *ἐν μέσῳ τῷ δήμῳ ⟨οἱ ἄρχοντες⟩*.

20. This is what the text appears to say (unless in Chariton's non-Attic Greek the expression has a less precise meaning, such as "burn...*over* his wife's corpse"). Since there was no intention of burning Callirhoe's body, explanation has been thought necessary, and several explanations have been offered: that "burn" is a loose term for "bury"; that offerings to the dead were useless to them if not burnt (as in Herodotus 5.92); that the text needs emending. But perhaps there is more emotion than sense in Chaereas's mind at this juncture. We have already seen his suicidal impulse; it is being extended to embrace all that belongs to him.

21. These are the "ephebes," young men of an age for military service, such as was statutorily required in Athens from the fourth century; the institution later developed into a social organization, a club for the sons of the well-to-do, especially in the Greek diaspora.

22. Such buildings, known as *thesauri,* "treasuries," were erected near temples and shrines, as at Delphi.

Theron; who would be suitable, of the men you know? Zenophanes of Thurii? Intelligent, but a coward. Menon of Messana?[23] Brave, but untrustworthy." And he assessed each one in turn, like a man testing coins; many he rejected, but he did think some suitable. So at dawn he hurried to the harbor and began looking them out one by one; some of them he found in brothels, others in taverns—an army fit for such a commander. Saying that he had something important to talk to them about, he took them behind the harbor and began as follows. "I have made a rich find, and I have picked you out from everybody else to share it with me; there's enough in this for more than one. And it doesn't need much effort either; one night can make us all rich. We aren't novices at this kind of business. Fools condemn it, but sensible men find it pays." They saw at once that it was robbery with violence he was proposing, or breaking into a tomb or robbing a temple. "Never mind preaching to the converted," they cried. "Just tell us what the job is, and let's not miss our chance." Theron went on. "You've seen the gold and silver with the body," he said. "We ought to have it by rights—we're alive. My idea, then, is to open the vault at night, load our ship, sail wherever the wind takes us, and sell the cargo abroad as we can." They agreed. "Well then," he said, "go about your ordinary business for the time being; when it's dark, each of you make his way to the ship, and bring a builder's tool."

8 This, then, was what the robbers did. As for Callirhoe—she came back to life! Her respiration had stopped, but lack of food started it again; with difficulty, and gradually, she began to breathe. Then she began to move her body, limb by limb. Then she opened her eyes and came to her senses like someone waking up from sleep; and thinking Chaereas was sleeping beside her, she called to him. But since neither husband nor maids paid any attention, and everything was lonely and dark, the girl began to shiver and tremble with fear; she could not work out what had really happened. As she stirred into consciousness, she touched wreaths and ribbons and made gold and silver objects rattle; and there was a strong smell of spices. So then she remembered the kick and how it had made her fall; and she eventually realized that she had been buried as a result of losing consciousness.[24] She cried out at the top of her voice, "I have been buried alive! Help!" She shouted many times, but nothing happened; and then she abandoned all further hope of being rescued. Sinking her head into her lap, she fell to bewailing her lot. "Oh, what a terrible fate," she sobbed. "Buried alive! I haven't done anything wrong! Dying a lingering death! They're mourning for me, and there's nothing wrong with me! Who will send a messenger? Who will be the messenger? Wicked Chaereas, I blame you—not for killing me, but for being so

23. Thurii, Messana—local Greek coastal colonies (Messana = Messina).
24. I have adopted Jackson's emendations here and in the next sentence.

quick to remove me from the house. You should not have buried Callirhoe quickly, even if she had really been dead. But perhaps you already have plans for marriage!"

While she was pouring forth all her sorrows, Theron, who had waited 9
till the dead of night, was silently drawing near the vault, his oars touching the water lightly. First ashore, he assigned jobs as follows. Four men he sent to keep a lookout, with instructions to kill anyone who came near the place if possible, and if not, to give warning of their arrival by an agreed signal. He himself went to the vault with four others. The rest—they were sixteen in all—he told to stay on board with oars poised, so that in an emergency they could quickly pick up the men on shore and row off.

When they began to use crowbars and hammer heavily to open the vault, Callirhoe was gripped by a variety of emotions—fear, joy, grief, surprise, hope, disbelief. "Where is this noise coming from? Is some divinity coming for me—poor creature!—as always happens when people are dying? Or is it not a noise but a voice—the voice of the gods below calling me to them? It is more likely that it is tomb robbers; there, there is an additional misfortune; wealth is of no use to a corpse." While these thoughts were still passing through her mind, a robber put his head through and came a little way into the vault. Callirhoe, intending to implore his help, threw herself at his knees; he was terrified and jumped back. Shaking with fear, he cried to his fellows: "Let's get out of here! There's some sort of spirit on guard in there who won't let us come in!" Theron laughed scornfully at him and called him a coward and deader than the dead girl. Then he told another man to go in; and when nobody had the courage to do so, he went in himself, holding his sword ready before him. At the gleam of the metal Callirhoe was afraid she was going to be murdered; she shrank back into the corner of the vault and from there begged him in a small voice: "Have pity on me, whoever you are—I have had no pity from husband or parents. Do not kill me now you have saved me." Theron took courage, and being an intelligent man, realized the truth of the matter. He stood there thinking. His first idea was to kill the woman—he thought she would get in the way of the whole enterprise. But he very soon thought of the profit he could make, and changed his mind. "She too," he said to himself, "can be part of the funeral treasure. There's a lot of silver here, and a lot of gold, but the woman's beauty is more valuable than anything here." So he took her by the hand and led her out; then, calling his colleague, he said: "There you are—there's the spirit you were afraid of. A fine brigand you are—scared of a mere woman! Well now, you look after the girl—I want to give her back to her parents; we'll get on with taking out what's inside, now that there isn't even the corpse to guard it."

10 When they had filled the ship with the loot, Theron told the man who was guarding the woman to stand a little way away with her; then he brought forward for discussion the question of what to do with her. They had different and opposing views. The first speaker said: "Comrades, we came for a different purpose, but what Chance has sent us has turned out better. Let's take advantage of it; we can have a successful operation without any risk. My proposal is that we leave the funeral offerings where they were and give Callirhoe back to her husband and father. We can say that we anchored near the tomb as we always do when fishing, and that when we heard someone calling out we opened the vault out of humanity, to rescue the woman who was shut up in it. Let's make her swear to support everything we say; she'll be glad to, out of gratitude to the benefactors who rescued her. Can you imagine how happy we'll make all Sicily? What rewards we'll get? And at the same time what we'll be doing will be right in men's eyes and a holy action in the eyes of the gods."

While he was still speaking, another raised his voice in opposition. "You've chosen the wrong moment, you fool. Are you telling us now to act the philosophers? Has breaking into a tomb made us virtuous, then? Shall we take pity on her when her own husband didn't, but killed her? She's done us no harm, I suppose you'll say. No, but she will do—a great deal of harm. Look: first of all, if we give her back to her family, there's no knowing what they will think about the business, and people are bound to guess why we went to the tomb. And even if the woman's parents are prepared to let us off our punishment, the archons and the assembly itself will not let off tomb robbers who convict themselves by bringing them their booty. Someone may say that it is more profitable to sell the woman, since she will fetch a high price because of her beauty. But this is dangerous too. Gold can't talk, silver won't say where we got it; we can make up some story about them. But goods that have eyes and ears and a tongue—who can hide that? And, you know, her beauty isn't human, for us to get away with it. Shall we say she's a slave? Who's going to believe that once he sees her? So let's kill her here and not carry around the means of our own conviction."

Many of them agreed with this. But Theron favored neither proposal. "*You,*" he said, "are inviting danger, and *you* are losing us our profit. I'll sell the girl rather than kill her. When she's on sale, she'll be too frightened to say anything, and once she's sold she can accuse us if she likes, we shan't be there; and after all, it's a risky life we lead. Come on, get on board and let's sail; it's nearly day already."

11 The ship put to sea and ran splendidly, since they were not struggling against sea and wind—they had no special course to follow; to their mind any wind was favorable, was a stern wind. As for Callirhoe, Theron

talked soothingly to her and thought up all sorts of things to try to fool her. She realized her situation and saw that she had gained nothing by being rescued, but she pretended not to be aware of this and to trust him—she was afraid they might really kill her after all if they thought she was angry. Saying she could not stand the sea, she covered her head and wept. "Father," she said, "in this very sea you defeated three hundred Athenian warships; a tiny boat has carried off your daughter, and you do nothing to help me. I am being taken off to a foreign land; I must be a slave—I, who was born noble. Perhaps it will be an Athenian master who will buy Hermocrates' daughter! How much better it would be for me to lie dead in a tomb! Chaereas would certainly have been buried with me; as it is, we are parted both in life and in death!"

While she was bewailing her lot in this fashion, the brigands were sailing past small islands and towns, because their cargo was not for poor men; they were looking for rich men. Well, they anchored across from Attica, in the shelter of a headland, at a spot where there was a spring with plenty of pure water, and a lovely meadow. There they took Callirhoe ashore and told her to refresh her countenance and get some rest from the sea journey, because they wanted to preserve her beauty. When they were alone they debated where to sail to. One of them said: "Athens is nearby—it's a big, prosperous city. We'll find any number of merchants and rich men there; you can see whole populations in Athens, the way you see men in a marketplace." And they all liked the idea of making for Athens. But Theron did not like the inquisitive ways of the town. "Look, are you the only people who don't know what busybodies they are in Athens? They're a nation of gossips, and they love lawsuits. There'll be hundreds of nosey parkers in the harbor wanting to know who we are and where we got this cargo we're carrying. Nasty suspicions will seize hold of their malicious minds—and it's the Areopagus[25] straightaway, in Athens, and magistrates who are more severe than tyrants. We should be more afraid of Athenians than of Syracusans. The place that suits us is Ionia. Why, there are princely fortunes there, pouring down from the Asian continent, and people who love luxury and don't look for trouble.[26] And I expect I'll find a few people I actually know in those parts." They took on water, got provisions from the merchantmen who were in the area, and sailed straight for Miletus. On the

25. The Areopagus (where Paul preached) was a hill on which met the highest court of Athens, whose influence was powerful both in early classical times and in the Roman period, but (ironically) less so in the period in which the story is set. The picture of Athenians as being inquisitive and litigious (cf. Aristophanes' *Birds* and *Wasps*) was standard in antiquity.

26. Ionia (roughly speaking, the west coast of Turkey) was throughout antiquity an area of prosperous and advanced Greek cities, such as Miletus, Ephesus, and Smyrna (Izmir).

third day they moored in an anchorage, a natural harbor ten miles from town.

12 There Theron told his crew to ship their oars, make a shelter for Callirhoe, and provide her with every comfort. He did this out of rapacity, not humanity, as businessman rather than as brigand. He himself hurried to town with two of his men. Then, since he did not judge it prudent to look for a buyer openly and have everyone talking about his business, he tried to make a quick sale privately, without intermediaries. But his property turned out to be hard to dispose of, because it was not within the reach of many people, or of just anyone; it needed somebody wealthy, some great man: and he was afraid to approach that kind of person. So rather a long time passed, until he could stand the delay no longer; and when night came, unable to sleep, he said to himself: "You're a fool, Theron. Look, you've left gold and silver behind in a lonely place for all those days now, as if you were the only brigand there was. Don't you know that there are other pirates sailing the sea as well? I'm afraid of our own band as well—they might desert us and sail off. Obviously it wasn't paragons of virtue you picked, who could be expected to be loyal to you—it was the wickedest rogues you knew. Oh, well," he said, "get some sleep now, since you must; but when day breaks, get to the ship quickly and throw the woman into the sea, she's no business being there and she's just an embarrassment to you. And don't ever again take on a cargo you can't get rid of."

When he fell asleep he had a dream in which he saw a closed door,[27] so he decided to wait for that day. In his random wanderings he sat down in a workshop, his thoughts in utter turmoil. Just then a crowd of people was passing, free men and slaves; and among them was a man in the prime of life, wearing mourning and looking sad. Theron got up—man is naturally inquisitive—and asked one of the people attending him, "Who is that?" "I think you must be a stranger," the man replied, "or come from a long way off if you don't recognize Dionysius. He is the wealthiest, noblest, and most cultured man in Ionia, and a friend of the Great King."[28] "Why is he wearing mourning, then?" "His wife has died; he loved her." Theron was all the more eager to continue the conversation now that he had found a rich man of romantic disposition, so he did not yet let the man go but asked him, "What position do you hold with him?" The other replied, "I am comptroller of his household, and I also look after his infant daughter, who has lost her poor mother early in

27. Dreams and their interpretation much interested antiquity, certainly late antiquity, and are a standard feature of novels. The *Dream Book* of Artemidorus, which dates to the second century A.D., offers an elaborate system of interpretation; a closed door, for instance, signified, as here, exclusion from an intended journey.

28. I.e., the King of Persia; the term Great King is standard in antiquity and was often reduced to simply the King.

life." "What is your name?" "Leonas." "I've met you at just the right moment, Leonas," he said. "I am a merchant, and I have just sailed in from Italy—that is why I know nothing about Ionia. A woman in Sybaris,[29] the richest woman in the town, who had a very beautiful maid, was jealous of her and sold her; I bought her. Now you can have the benefit—whether you want to get yourself a nurse for the child—she's quite well educated—or whether you think it worthwhile doing your master a good turn. It is to your advantage for him to have a slave concubine, so that he won't bring in a stepmother for the girl in your charge, over your head." Leonas was glad to hear Theron's proposal and said: "Some god has delivered you to me to be my benefactor. Why, you are setting out before me in reality what I dreamed about! You must come to the house and be my friend and my guest from this very minute. As for deciding about the woman, a look at her will tell me whether she is fit for my master to possess or just suitable for people like us."

When they reached the house, Theron was surprised at its size and 13
luxuriousness—it was in fact equipped to receive the King of Persia—and Leonas told him to wait while he attended his master first. Then he collected him and took him to his own quarters, which were very much those of a free man, and gave instructions to lay the table. Theron, a clever rogue, good at adapting himself to any situation, set about eating and made a bid for Leonas's goodwill by drinking to him repeatedly—partly to demonstrate an open nature, but mainly to confirm their partnership. Meanwhile, they talked about the girl a great deal. Theron kept lauding her character rather than her beauty; he knew that whereas what cannot be seen needs recommendation, seeing is its own advocate. "Let's be going, then," said Leonas, "and you can show her to me." "She isn't here," said Theron. "We stayed outside the city because of the customs men;[30] the ship is moored ten miles away," and he told him where. "You're moored on our land," said Leonas. "All the better—Fortune is already leading you to Dionysius. Let's go down to the estate, then, and you can rest after your voyage—our country house is near you, and it's luxuriously equipped." Theron was still more pleased; it would be easier to make the sale, he thought, if it was not in the marketplace, but somewhere quiet. "Let's leave at dawn," he suggested. "You go to your country house and I'll go to our ship, and from there I'll bring the woman to you." They agreed on this; then they shook hands and parted. Both of them found the night long: the one in his hurry to buy, the other in his hurry to sell.

29. A Greek colony in Southern Italy, notorious for its luxury. It no longer existed by the dramatic date of this story, so this mention constitutes another anachronism; but Chariton wants to use the associations of the name.

30. Customs duties were a regular and important element in the income of Greek states.

The next day Leonas sailed along the coast to the country house, and took money with him as well, in order to take out an option with the seller. Theron appeared at the beach, where his band was waiting for him anxiously, and explained the business to them. Then he began to talk smoothly to Callirhoe. "My dear," he said, "at first I too wanted to take you back to your family. But an adverse wind sprang up, and I was prevented from doing so by the sea. You know how carefully I have looked after you; and most important of all, we have respected your honor. Chaereas will get you back untouched; you will have escaped from your tomb as safe and sound as if it were your bedroom, thanks to us. Well, now we must make a quick trip to Lycia;[31] but there's no need for you too to be put to hardship; there's no point in that, especially as you're a bad sailor. So what I'm going to do is leave you here in the care of reliable friends; on the return journey I shall pick you up and subsequently take you back very carefully to Syracuse. Take any of your things you want—we'll look after the rest for you."

At this Callirhoe, distressed as she was, laughed to herself, thinking him an absolute fool. She already knew she was being sold; but in her desire to get away from the pirates she considered being sold a happier condition than her previous noble rank. "Thank you, sir," she said, "for your kindness to me. And," she added, "may the gods grant all of you the rewards you deserve. But I think it would bring bad luck if I made use of the funeral offerings. Take good care of everything for me. I am content with a little ring I wore even as a corpse." Then she veiled her head and said: "Take me anywhere you like, Theron. Anywhere is better than the sea or the tomb."

14 As he approached the country house, Theron thought up the following move: he uncovered Callirhoe's head, shook her hair loose, and then opened the door and told her to go in first. Leonas and all the people in the room were awestruck at the sudden apparition—some of them thought they had seen a goddess, for people did say that Aphrodite manifested herself in the fields. There they were awestruck when Theron came in behind, went up to Leonas, and said, "Get up and see to receiving the woman; she is the one you want to buy." General joy and amazement followed. Well, they let Callirhoe lie down quietly in the most beautiful room they had—and distressed and tired and frightened as she was, she really did need a lot of rest—and Theron took Leonas by the hand and said: "There you are, my part of the bargain has been carried out faithfully. As for your part, you can take the woman now—you're a friend of mine from now on, after all; go into town, get the legal documents made out, and then you can pay me whatever price you want."

31. A region on the southern coast of Asia Minor, not very far from Miletus.

Leonas wanted to counter this. "Indeed not," he said. "I'll trust *you* with the money, here and now, and not wait for the contract." At the same time he also wanted to secure an option on the purchase, since he was afraid Theron might change his mind after all—there were many men in the town who would want to buy her. So he pressed on him a talent of silver[32] he had brought as a deposit. Theron made a show of refusing, but took it. When Leonas wanted him to stay for supper—it was in fact getting late—he said, "I want to sail to town this evening; we'll meet tomorrow at the harbor."

With this they parted. When he reached the ship, Theron gave orders to weigh anchor and put to sea immediately, before they were found out. So they left hurriedly, where the wind took them; Callirhoe, left to herself, was free now to lament her own lot. "There!" she said. "Another tomb, in which Theron has shut me up! It is more lonely than the first! My father would have come to me there, and my mother; and Chaereas would have poured out his offering of tears over me; and even dead I should have known. But whom can I call on here? Fortune, your curse is on me! You are pursuing me[33] on land and sea. You have not had your fill of my misfortunes. First you made my lover my murderer—Chaereas, who had never even struck a slave, kicked me and killed me, me who loved him; then you gave me into the hands of tomb robbers and brought me out from the tomb onto the sea, and set over me the pirates, who were more frightening than the waves. My celebrated beauty I was given to this end, that the brigand Theron should get a high price for me. I have been sold in a deserted spot and not even taken to a city like any other bought slave—Fortune, you were afraid people might see me and think me nobly born! That is why I have been handed over like a mere chattel to I know not whom, Greeks or barbarians or brigands once more." And as she beat her breast with her hand, she saw Chaereas's portrait on her ring. She kissed it and said: "Truly I am lost to you, Chaereas, separated from you by so vast an ocean! You are mourning for me and repenting and sitting by an empty tomb, proclaiming my chastity now that I am dead; and I, Hermocrates' daughter, your wife, have been sold this day to a master!" As she uttered this lament, sleep finally came to her.

32. A talent of silver (= six thousand drachmas) would be an enormous price to pay for a slave, perhaps twenty or thirty times the going rate at the novel's dramatic date; but the price had changed by Chariton's own time, of course, and in any case Chariton wants to emphasize both Callirhoe's beauty and Dionysius's wealth. The transaction here sketched is based on legal realities governing the sale of slaves; a contract, established by officials, was required to guarantee the legal status of the slave and the validity of the sale. See Plepelits, *Chariton,* 169 n.53.

33. The text here poses a serious problem; I have translated D'Orville's emendation as giving a suitable sense but doubt whether it is right.

Book Two

1 Leonas told his steward Phocas to take great care of Callirhoe, and himself set out for Miletus before dawn. He was eager to bring his master the good news about the gift he had just bought; that would help a great deal, he thought, in consoling his grief. He found Dionysius still in bed. He was out of his mind with grief and for the most part even refused to go out, although he was sorely missed by Miletus; he kept to his room as if he still had his wife with him. When he saw Leonas, he said to him: "This is the first good night's sleep I have had since my poor wife died. I dreamed about her, in fact; she was taller and more beautiful—I saw her there beside me as clearly as if I were awake. In my dream it was the first day of our married life; I was bringing her home after our wedding, from my estate by the sea, and you were singing the wedding song." Leonas cried out before his master had even finished: "You're a lucky man, sir, asleep and awake! You're just going to hear the very thing you've dreamed about!" And he began his report. "I was approached by a trader who had a very beautiful woman for sale; he had anchored outside the town, to avoid the customs officers, and near your country house. I made an arrangement with him and went out to the estate. There we agreed on terms and concluded the sale, for practical purposes—I've given him a talent, and he has handed the woman over to me;[34] but the sale has to be legally registered here in town." Dionysius was glad to learn that the woman was beautiful—he was deeply attached to women—but not glad to learn she was a slave, for he was a true aristocrat, preeminent in rank and in culture throughout Ionia, and would not contemplate taking a slave as concubine. "Leonas," he said, "a person not freeborn cannot be beautiful. Don't you know that the poets say beautiful people are the children of gods? All the more reason for their human parents to be nobly born. You are struck by her because there was nobody else there; you compared her with peasant women. But you've bought her, so go to the marketplace, and Adrastus will see to the registration—he's a very experienced lawyer." Leonas was glad to be disbelieved; the surprise would have all the greater effect on his master. But when he went round all the harbors of Miletus,[35] and all the bankers' tables and the whole town, he could not find Theron anywhere. He asked shopkeepers and ferrymen, but no one knew him. Well, he had no idea what to do. He got a boat and rowed along the shore to the beach, and then to the country house; but he was not likely to find a man who was out at sea by then. So he went back to his master, reluctantly and slowly. When Dionysius saw him looking gloomy, he asked what was wrong.

34. I accept Cobet's supplement as improved by Jackson.
35. Multiple harbors were a common feature of Greek ports; Miletus had four.

"Sir, I've lost you a talent," he replied. "That will make you more careful in future. But what has happened? The woman you've just bought hasn't run away, has she?" "She hasn't, but the man who sold her to me has," said Leonas. "Then he must have stolen her. It's somebody else's slave he's sold you—that's why he did it in a lonely spot. Where did he say the girl was from?" "Sybaris, in Italy—he said her mistress sold her because she was jealous of her." "Find out if there are any Sybarites living here, and leave the woman where she is for the moment." So Leonas then went off very unhappy; his business deal had turned out unsuccessfully. He began to watch for a chance to persuade his master to visit his estate—the only hope Leonas had left was for him to see the woman.

As for Callirhoe, the countrywomen came to see her, and at once they 2
began to make up to her as if she were their mistress. The steward's wife, Plangon, quite an experienced creature, said to her: "My child, you're bound to miss your own people, of course; but you should think of people here as yours as well. Our master Dionysius, you know, is a good man, and kind. You're lucky the god has brought you to a good home; it will be like living in your own land. Come on, then, you've had a long journey. Wash off the dirt; you have servants." Callirhoe was reluctant, but Plangon finally managed to get her to the bath. They went in, rubbed her with oil, and wiped it off carefully; when she undressed, they were even more awestruck—indeed, although when she was clothed they admired her face as divinely beautiful, when they saw what her clothes covered, her face went quite out of their thoughts.[36] Her skin gleamed white, sparkling just like some shining substance; her flesh was so soft that you were afraid even the touch of a finger would cause a bad wound. The women murmured to one another, "Our mistress was beautiful, and celebrated for it; but she would have looked like this woman's servant." Callirhoe was distressed by their praise; it was ominous. When she had had her bath and they were arranging her hair, they brought her clean clothes. But Callirhoe said they were not suitable for a woman who had just been bought as a slave. "Give me a slave's tunic; why, *you* are superior to me!" So she put on ordinary clothes; but even they suited her well and looked expensive with her beauty shining on them. When the women had eaten, Plangon said: "Go to Aphrodite's shrine and pray. She appears in these parts, and not only the people round here but folk from town come and make sacrifice to her. She listens particularly to Dionysius's prayers; he never passes her shrine without stopping." Then they told her about the goddess's appearances. One of the countrywomen said, "Lady, when you look at Aphrodite, you'll think you're looking at a picture of yourself." When Callirhoe heard this, she burst into tears and

36. The received text is unacceptable; I hesitantly adopt Jackson's conjecture. The general sense is not in doubt.

said to herself, "This is disastrous! Even here it is the goddess Aphrodite who is the cause of all my troubles! But I will go; I have a lot I want to reproach her for."

The shrine was near Dionysius's house, just by the main road. Callirhoe kneeled in front of Aphrodite and embraced her feet. "You were the first to show Chaereas to me," she said. "You made a handsome couple of us, but you have not watched over us—and yet we paid you honor! But since that was your will, I ask one thing of you: grant that I attract no man after Chaereas." Aphrodite refused her prayer. After all, she is the mother of Eros, and she was now planning another marriage—which she did not intend to preserve either. Callirhoe, delivered from pirates and the sea, was regaining the beauty that was really hers; the peasants were awestruck to see her looking lovelier every day.

3 Leonas found a suitable opportunity to say to Dionysius: "Sir, you haven't been on your estate by the sea for a long time now. You're needed there. You have the herds and the crops to inspect, and it will soon be harvesttime. And we've built luxurious buildings as you told us to; you ought to enjoy them. Besides, you'll find your grief easier to bear in the country; you'll be distracted by having your estate to enjoy and run. And if you're pleased with some herdsman or shepherd, you can give him the woman I've just bought." Dionysius liked the suggestion and set a date for going. The order was passed along the line; coachmen got their coaches ready; grooms prepared their horses; boatmen their boats. Dionysius's friends were invited to join him on the journey, and so were a large number of freedmen—he was given to lavishness. When everything was ready, he gave instructions for the baggage and most of the people to go by sea and the vehicles to follow when he had gone ahead, because it was not proper for a man who was in mourning to have an elaborate escort. He mounted his horse at the crack of dawn, before most people realized he was leaving; he had four men with him, including Leonas.

Dionysius, then, was on his way to the country. That night Callirhoe had dreamed about Aphrodite, and decided to pay homage to her again. She was standing there praying when Dionysius dismounted and entered the shrine ahead of his companions. Callirhoe heard footsteps and turned to face him. So Dionysius saw her. "Aphrodite," he cried, "be gracious to me! May your appearance be propitious to me!" He was in the act of prostrating himself when Leonas caught him up and said: "Sir, this is the woman I bought—don't be alarmed. Woman, come to your master!" Well, when Callirhoe heard the word "master," she bowed her head and let loose a flood of tears—she was slow to forget her liberty. Dionysius struck Leonas. "Impious man!" he cried. "Do you speak to gods as if they were humans? Are you calling her a bought slave? No wonder you

couldn't find the man who offered her for sale! Have you not heard what Homer tells us?

> And the gods,
> taking the shape of strangers from other lands,
> observe the insolence and the orderly behavior of mankind."[37]

At that Callirhoe replied: "Stop making fun of me! Stop calling me a goddess—I'm not even a happy mortal!" As she spoke, her voice seemed the voice of a god to Dionysius; it had a musical sound, with the effect of a lyre's note. He did not know what to do; he was too embarrassed to continue talking to her; so he went off to his house, already aflame with love. Soon the baggage arrived from town, and the rumor of the incident spread quickly, so they were all eager to see the woman—though they all pretended to be worshiping Aphrodite. Callirhoe was embarrassed by the crowd of people and did not know what to do; everything was strange to her; she could not see even the familiar Plangon, who was busy receiving her master. The hour grew late, and no one came to the house—they were all standing at the shrine as if bewitched. Leonas realized what had happened; he went to the sanctuary and brought Callirhoe out. Then you could see that royalty is born in people, as it is in a queen bee, because everybody followed Callirhoe spontaneously, as though she had been elected queen for her beauty.

So Callirhoe went off to her regular quarters. As for Dionysius, he 4
was wounded; but he tried to cover up the wound, like the well-brought up man he was, who prided himself on behaving properly. Not wanting his servants to look down on him, or his friends to think him immature, he stuck it out the whole evening; he thought no one would notice, but in fact his silence made him all the more conspicuous. He took a portion of the meal and said, "Take this to the foreign woman; don't say it's from her master; say it's from Dionysius."

He prolonged the drinking after dinner as long as he could; he knew he would not be able to sleep, so he wanted his friends' company in his sleeplessness. The night was far advanced when he dismissed the company. He was too preoccupied to sleep. In thought he was in Aphrodite's shrine, recalling every detail: her face, her hair, the way she turned, the way she looked at him, her voice, her appearance, her words; her very tears inflamed him. There was a visible conflict in him now, between reason and passion; desire was flooding over him, but his noble soul tried to bear up against it; as if rising above the waves, he said to himself: "Dionysius, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! The most virtuous, the most distinguished man in Ionia, the admiration of satraps, kings,

37. Modified from *Odyssey* 17.485–87.

whole populations—and you behave like an adolescent! You fall in love at first sight—and while you're in mourning at that, before you've even paid proper respect to your poor wife's departed spirit! Is that what you've come into the country for—to marry in your mourning clothes? And to marry a *slave?* She may not even belong to you—you haven't even got the registration deed for her." This was good sense; but Eros, who took his restraint as an insult, set himself against Dionysius and fanned to greater heat the blaze in a heart that was trying to be rational about love. Unable to stand this solitary discussion any longer, Dionysius sent for Leonas. Leonas knew why he had been summoned, but pretended not to, and feigned alarm. "What's stopping you from sleeping, sir?" he asked. "It isn't fresh grief come over you at the death of your lady, is it?" "It is a lady, yes," said Dionysius, "but not the one who is dead. I have no secrets from you; you are well disposed and loyal to me. Leonas, I am finished, I tell you. You are the cause of my troubles. You brought fire into my house—or rather, into my own heart. And I am worried by the very mystery that surrounds the woman. You tell me a story about some trader you know nothing about[38]—who he is, where he came from, where he's gone off to. Would anyone who owned such a beautiful woman sell her in a deserted spot? And would he sell her for a talent? She's worth a king's fortune. Did some god mislead you?[39] Think, now—try to recall what happened. What men did you see? Whom did you talk to? Tell me the truth. You didn't see the boat." "I didn't see it, sir, but I heard about it." "There you are, you see! It is a nymph or Nereid who has come up from the sea. Even divine beings are at certain times caught in the grip of destiny and compelled to associate with human beings—poets and historians tell us that." Dionysius was only too ready to let himself build the woman up, to a stature too august for human associations. Leonas wanted to oblige his master. "Let's not insist on knowing who she is, sir," he said. "I'll bring her to you, if you like. Don't distress yourself about not getting what you want—you can satisfy your love." "I cannot do that," said Dionysius. "First, I must know who the woman is and where she comes from. So let us find out the truth from her tomorrow morning. I won't have her come here; I don't want to be suspected of violent intentions. No, our conversation shall take place where I first saw her—at Aphrodite's shrine."

5 That was what Dionysius decided, and the next day he arrived at the sanctuary with friends and freedmen and the most reliable of his servants, so as to have witnesses. He had dressed with some care, and even modestly adorned his person, seeing that he was going to meet the woman he loved; besides, he was naturally handsome and tall, and,

38. Adopting the reading *ἔμπορόν τιν' ὄν*, suggested by *POxy.* 2948.
39. Adopting the reading *σέ τις* of *POxy.* 2948.

above all, dignified in appearance. Leonas, accompanied by Plangon and Callirhoe's regular maids, went to Callirhoe. "Lady," he said, "Dionysius is a very just and law-abiding man; so go into the shrine and tell him truthfully who you really are; you can be sure of getting all the help you deserve. Just speak to him simply, and don't hide any of the truth; that will evoke his kindness to you all the more." Callirhoe was reluctant to go, but she felt safe because they were to meet in a shrine. When she got there, everybody admired her even more. Dionysius was struck dumb with wonder. He was silent for a long time, but finally found his voice. "Lady," he said, "you know all about me. I am Dionysius; I am the first man in Miletus, in fact practically in all Ionia; I am celebrated for my respect for the gods and my humanity. It is right and proper that you too should tell us the truth about yourself. The men who sold you said that you were from Sybaris and that your mistress was jealous of you and sold you away from there." Callirhoe blushed and bowed her head. "This is the first time," she said in a low voice, "that I have ever been sold. I have never seen Sybaris." Dionysius looked at Leonas. "I told you she wasn't a slave," he said, "and in fact I predict that she will turn out to be of noble birth. Tell me everything, lady; first, your name." "Callirhoe," she said—Dionysius liked her very name—and then she fell silent. Dionysius persisted in questioning her. "Sir," she said, "please do not make me talk about what has happened to me. What happened before is a dream, a fable. Now I am what I have come to be—a slave, and a foreigner." As she spoke, tears ran down her cheeks, though she tried to avoid attention. Dionysius too was moved to tears, and so were all those present; Aphrodite herself, you would have said, looked sadder. Dionysius continued questioning her even more insistently. "The first favor I ask of you, Callirhoe," he said, "is to tell me about yourself. You will not be talking to a stranger; people can be related by character as well. Don't be afraid, even if you have done something dreadful." This made Callirhoe angry. "Don't insult me!" she cried. "I have nothing to be ashamed of. But I am of higher rank than my present condition suggests, and I do not want people to think I am making unjustified claims; I do not want to tell a story that people who do not know the situation will not believe; my previous life says nothing about my present condition." Dionysius admired her spirit. "I understand already," he said, "even if you do not tell me. But tell us all the same; you can say nothing about yourself to compare to what we see. Impressive though your story be, nothing you can tell us will measure up to you." So, reluctantly, Callirhoe began to tell her story. "I am the daughter of Hermocrates, the Syracusan general. I had a sudden fall, and lost consciousness; and my parents gave me a costly funeral. Tomb robbers opened my tomb; they found me conscious again and brought me to this place, and Theron gave

me to Leonas here in a deserted spot." She told them everything else but said nothing about Chaereas. "Dionysius, you are Greek, you live in a humane community, you are a civilized man—please don't be like the tomb robbers; don't take my country and my family away from me. You are a rich man; it is a trivial matter to you to let a human being go; you will not lose what you paid for me if you give me back to my father—Hermocrates is not an ungrateful man. You know how we admire Alcinous;[40] we all love him for sending his suppliant back home; well, I am your suppliant. I am a prisoner; I have lost my parents; rescue me! And if I cannot live as a woman of birth, I prefer to die free!" As he listened to her words, Dionysius began to weep, ostensibly for Callirhoe, but in fact for himself; he realized that he was not getting what he wanted. "Have courage, Callirhoe," he said. "Be of good heart. You shall not fail to get what you ask for—I take Aphrodite here to witness. Meanwhile, in my house you shall be attended like a mistress, not a slave."

6 Callirhoe went away, convinced that nothing could happen to her that she did not want to happen. Dionysius went sadly to his own house and sent for Leonas privately. "Nothing goes right for me," he said. "Eros hates me. I have buried my wife, and our new slave shuns me. I was hoping she was Aphrodite's gift to me and was painting for myself a life happier than that of Menelaus, Spartan Helen's husband—even Helen, I imagine, was not as beautiful as she is. And she is persuasive, too. My life is finished! The day Callirhoe leaves here, I shall die!" At that Leonas cried out: "Sir, don't *you* curse yourself! You're her master, you can make her do what you want whether she likes it or not—I bought her; I paid a talent for her!" "You bought her! A girl of noble birth! You miserable villain! Have you never heard of Hermocrates? He is the leader of the whole of Sicily, a man with a most distinguished record; why, the King of Persia admires him, loves him, sends him presents every year for destroying the fleet of Persia's enemy, Athens! Am I to lord it over a freeborn person? Am I, Dionysius, celebrated for my moderation, to force myself on an unwilling woman? Even the pirate Theron would not have forced himself on her!"

That was how he spoke to Leonas, but for all that he did not give up hope of winning Callirhoe over; Love is naturally optimistic, and he was confident that by attention to her he could achieve his desires. So he sent for Plangon. "You have already demonstrated your concern for me," he said. "Now I am entrusting to you the greatest and most precious of my possessions, the foreign woman. I want her to lack for nothing, I want her to have luxury. Consider her your mistress; serve her, treat her with

40. The king of Phaeacia who offered hospitality to the shipwrecked Odysseus in *Odyssey* 6–9.

respect, and make her well disposed to me. Praise me often to her; tell her about me as you know me—and be careful not to call me her 'master.'" Plangon was a quick-witted creature and understood what he was asking her to do. Unobtrusively she turned her mind to the job and set about it rapidly. She sought out Callirhoe's company but did not tell her that she had been told to serve her. Rather, she made it seem as if she felt personal sympathy for her; she wanted to be credible as an adviser.

Here is what happened. Dionysius continued to stay on his estate. He 7
found various excuses, but the truth was that he was neither able to separate himself from Callirhoe nor willing to take her back with him, because when people saw her, they would all talk about her, her beauty would enslave the whole of Ionia, and report of her would reach the Great King himself. While living there he examined the affairs of the estate in detail; and he had occasion to criticize the work of his steward Phocas. His criticism did not go beyond words, but Plangon saw her chance. She ran to Callirhoe with an air of panic, tearing her hair, and grasped her knees. "My lady," she cried, "please save us! Dionysius is angry with my husband, and he's just as severe a man, when he's angry, as he is kind. You're the only person who can save us—Dionysius will gladly grant you the first favor you've asked for." Now Callirhoe was reluctant to go to him, but when Plangon begged and pleaded with her, she could not refuse, because she was under obligation to her for her services. So as not to appear ungrateful, then, she said, "I am a slave too, you know, and have no right to speak; but if you think *my* voice will carry any weight, I will add my appeal to yours—I hope we succeed!" When they arrived, Plangon told the doorkeeper to tell his master that Callirhoe was there. At that moment Dionysius was prostrate with grief; his very body had wasted. When he heard that Callirhoe was there, he felt faint, and a mist came over him at the unexpected news. He managed to recover. "Tell her to come in," he said. Callirhoe came and stood by him, her head bowed. At first she blushed deeply; then she managed to find her voice. "I am grateful to Plangon here," she said. "She loves me like a daughter. Master, I ask you not to be angry with her husband; let him off as a favor to me." She tried to say more but was unable to. Dionysius saw what Plangon's scheme was. "Yes, I am angry," he said, "and no one would have saved Phocas and Plangon from death for what they have done. But I gladly spare them as a favor to you. You two must realize that it is to Callirhoe you owe your lives." Plangon fell at his feet. "It is Callirhoe's feet you should fall at," said Dionysius. "She is the one who has saved you." Plangon saw that Callirhoe was pleased and delighted by the favor. "You must thank Dionysius for us, then," she said, and pushed her forward. Callirhoe stumbled a little and clutched at Dionysius's right hand. As if declining to give her his hand, he drew her

to him, and he kissed her; then he let go of her immediately so that she would not suspect he had done it deliberately.

8 Well, the women went off, but the kiss penetrated Dionysius's heart like poison. He could not see; he could not hear. He had been taken by storm, heart and soul. He could find no remedy for his passion: gifts would not serve, for he could see that she was proud, nor threats of force, for he was convinced she would prefer death to violence. His one resource was Plangon, he thought, so he sent for her. "You have begun the campaign," he said, "and I thank you for the kiss. But it has either saved me or ruined me. So try to overcome her, as woman with woman; you have me on your side. I will tell you that the prize awaiting you is your freedom—and something much sweeter to you than freedom, I am sure: Dionysius's life." With this instruction before her, Plangon brought all her experience and skill to bear. But on all sides Callirhoe proved invincible; she stayed true to Chaereas alone. Fortune outwitted her, though; Fortune, against whom alone human calculation has no power. For Fortune relishes victory, and anything may be expected of her. So now she brought about an unexpected, indeed incredible, state of things. How she did it is worth hearing.

Fortune laid her plot against Callirhoe's loyalty to her husband. After Chaereas and Callirhoe were married, their first contact was passionate; they had an equal impulse to enjoy each other, and matching desire had made their union fruitful. So just before her fall Callirhoe became pregnant; but thanks to the subsequent dangers and hardships she did not realize her condition straightaway. But at the beginning of the third month her belly began to grow big. Plangon, with her woman's experience, noticed it in the bath. At the time she said nothing, since there were a lot of servant women there. But in the evening, when she got the chance, she sat beside Callirhoe on the couch and said, "You should know you are pregnant, my child." Callirhoe cried aloud, groaned, and tore her hair: "Fortune, you have added this as well to my misfortunes, that I should become a mother too—mother of a slave!" She struck her belly. "Poor creature!" she cried. "Even before birth you have been buried and handed over to pirates! What sort of life are you coming to? With what hopes shall I give birth to you—without father or country, a slave! Taste death—before you are born!" Plangon restrained her hands, with a promise that the next day she would find her an easier way to procure a miscarriage.

9 Left alone, each of the women followed her own line of reasoning. Plangon thought, "Here is the chance to satisfy your master's passion. Callirhoe's condition will help your cause. You have found a sure way of convincing her: her maternal instincts will be stronger than her loyalty to her husband." And she planned a convincing course of action. Callirhoe,

however, planned to destroy the child. "Am I," she said to herself, "to bring Hermocrates' descendant into the world to serve a master? Am I to bear a child whose father no one knows? Perhaps some envious person will say, 'Callirhoe became pregnant among the pirates!' It is enough for me alone to suffer misfortune. It is not in your interest to come into a life of misery, my child—a life you should escape from even if you are born. Depart in freedom, while no harm has befallen you, without hearing what they say about your mother!" And then again she changed her mind, and pity came over her for her unborn child. "Are you planning to kill your child? Was ever woman so wicked! Are you mad?[41] Are you reasoning like Medea? Why, people will think you yet more savage than that Scythian woman! She at any rate did hate her husband—but you want to kill Chaereas's child and not even leave behind any memorial of that celebrated marriage! What if it is a son? What if he is like his father? What if he is luckier than me? He has escaped from the tomb, from pirates—shall his mother kill him? How many stories are there of sons of gods and kings born in slavery, then coming into their rightful ancestral rank—Zethus, Amphion, Cyrus?[42] You too, my child—you will sail to Sicily, I am sure! You will go and find your father and your grandfather and tell them your mother's story! A fleet will sail from Sicily to rescue me! O my child, you will restore your parents to each other!" All night long she pursued these thoughts; and as she did so, sleep stole over her momentarily, and a vision of Chaereas stood over her, like him in every way,

> like to him in stature and fair looks and voice, and wearing just such clothes.[43]

As he stood there, he said, "I entrust our son to you, my wife." He wanted to say yet more, but Callirhoe jumped up and tried to embrace him. So on her husband's advice, as she thought, she decided to rear her child.

41. I adopt Jackson's conjecture. In the following lines the reference is to Euripides' famous play *Medea,* in which the heroine, who had become Jason's wife after helping him get the Golden Fleece, is abandoned by him for another woman; Medea kills not only her rival but also her own two children by Jason, to get her revenge on him. She is described here as Scythian—inaccurately, since she was from Colchis, on the east coast of the Black Sea. This is done to emphasize her savagery, since Scythia (southern Russia) was a byword for a land of savage barbarians; it was geographically close enough to Colchis for Chariton's rhetorical purpose here.

42. Zethus and Amphion, twin sons by Zeus of Antiope of Thebes, are a mythological instance of the point Callirhoe is making; exposed at birth by Antiope's family, they were saved from death and later came into their own rights as rulers of Thebes. Cyrus the Great of Persia is a historical example of a similar sequence of events.

43. *Iliad* 23.66–67.

10 The next day, when Plangon came, Callirhoe told her what she intended to do. Plangon did not fail to point out how ill judged her proposal was. "My lady," she said, "you cannot bring up a child in our house. Our master loves you; now, he will not force himself on you—he has more self-respect and self-control than that—but he will be too jealous to let you bring up a child. He will take it as an insult that you should think so much of a man who is not here and disregard himself, when he *is* here. So I think it would be better for the child to die before it is born, rather than after; that will save you pointless labor pains and a futile pregnancy. I am giving you honest advice because I love you." Callirhoe was distressed at what she said; she fell at Plangon's feet and begged her to help her think of some way she could bring up her child. But Plangon refused repeatedly and put off answering her for two or three days. When she had inflamed Callirhoe to more impassioned entreaties, and so acquired more authority over her, first she made her swear not to reveal her stratagem to anyone; then, knitting her brow and wringing her hands, she said: "My lady, big enterprises can only be brought off by big ideas. Out of sympathy for you I am going to betray my master. Now one of two things must happen: either your child dies one way or another, or he is born the wealthiest person in Ionia, the heir of its most illustrious family—and he will make you, his mother, happy. Which is it to be? Choose!" "Who would be foolish enough," said Callirhoe, "to choose death for her child rather than good fortune for herself? I cannot believe that what you are suggesting is possible—tell me more clearly what you mean." Plangon responded with a question. "How long do you think you have been pregnant?" "Two months," said Callirhoe. "Time is on our side, then. You can make it look as if it were Dionysius's child, born at seven months." Callirhoe cried out in protest, "Better for it to die!" Plangon pretended to agree with her. "You are quite right, my dear," she said "to prefer an abortion. Let's do that—it's less dangerous than trying to deceive the master. Remove all trace of your noble birth; give up hope of returning home. Adapt yourself to the condition you are in—really become a slave." Plangon's advice aroused no suspicion in Callirhoe; she was a young lady of quality and knew nothing of slaves' tricks. But the more Plangon urged abortion on her, the more pity Callirhoe felt for her unborn child. "Give me time to think," she said. "The choice is capital—my chastity or my child!" And this too Plangon approved—not deciding hastily, one way or the other. "There are good reasons for coming down either way: a wife's loyalty on one side, a mother's love on the other. All the same, there isn't time to put off the decision long. You absolutely must choose tomorrow, before it becomes known that you are pregnant." They agreed on this and separated.

Callirhoe went up to her room and shut the door. She held Chaereas's 11
picture to her womb. "Here are the three of us," she said, "husband, wife, and child; let us decide what is best for us all. I shall give my view first: I want to die Chaereas's wife and his alone. To know no other husband—that is dearer to me than parents or country or child. And you, my child—what is your choice for yourself? To die by poison before seeing the light of day? To be cast out with your mother, and perhaps not even thought worthy of burial? Or to live, and have two fathers—one the first man in Sicily, the other in Ionia? When you grow up, you will easily be recognized by your family—I am sure I shall bring you into the world in the likeness of your father; and you will sail home in triumph, in a Milesian warship, and Hermocrates will welcome a grandson already fit for command. Your vote is cast against mine, my child; you will not sanction our death. Let us ask your father too. No, he has spoken; he came to me in person in my dreams and said, 'I entrust our son to you.' I call you to witness, Chaereas—it is you who are giving me to Dionysius as his bride." And so she spent that day and night reasoning to herself like this; and she let herself be persuaded to live, not for herself, but for her child. The next day, when Plangon came, at first she sat there looking sad, with sympathy in her countenance; and neither spoke. After a long time Plangon asked: "What have you decided? What are we going to do? We cannot put off decision." Callirhoe, weeping in her distress, could not answer immediately; but at last she managed to say: "The child is betraying me; it is not what I want. You do what is best. But I am afraid that even if I put up with his lust, Dionysius will treat me contemptuously, in my misfortune; he may treat me as a concubine rather than as his wife and refuse to bring up another man's child; and I shall lose my honor for nothing." Plangon replied even before she had finished. "I have thought about this, before you did," she said, "because by now I love you better than my master. Now, I have confidence in Dionysius's character—he is a good man. All the same, I shall make him swear an oath, master though he is; we must act with complete security. And when he has sworn, you must trust him, my child. I am going, to carry out my mission."

Book Three

Dionysius could no longer suffer his failure to win Callirhoe's love. He 1
had determined to starve to death and was writing his last will and testament, with instructions for his burial; in it he begged Callirhoe to come to him at least in death. Plangon wanted to go in to her master but was prevented from doing so by his attendant, who had orders to let no one in. Dionysius heard them squabbling at the door and asked who was

causing the trouble. The attendant said it was Plangon. "It is the wrong moment for her to come," he said (by now he did not even want to see anything that would remind him of his passion). "Still, tell her to come in." Plangon opened the door. "Why are you wearing yourself out with grief, sir," she said, "as though your cause were lost? Callirhoe invites you to marry her! Put on fine clothes, offer sacrifice, welcome the bride you love!" At this unexpected news Dionysius was thunderstruck. Mist covered his eyes; he went limp all over and presented a deathlike figure. Plangon began to wail; this brought everyone running to the spot, and the master was mourned as dead throughout the whole house. Even Callirhoe could not hold back her tears when she heard this; so great was the grief that even she wept for Dionysius as for her husband.[44] At last, and with difficulty, Dionysius regained consciousness. In a weak voice he said: "What spirit is deceiving me and trying to turn me back from the path that lies before me? Was I waking or dreaming when I heard those words? Is Callirhoe willing to marry me? Callirhoe, who is unwilling even to show herself?" Plangon, standing beside him, said: "Stop causing yourself unnecessary pain and disbelieving your own good fortune. I am not deceiving my master; Callirhoe sent me to talk to you about marriage." "Talk about it then," said Dionysius, "and tell me her actual words; do not omit or add anything; report exactly what she said." "She said, 'I belong to the first family in Sicily; I have suffered misfortune, but I still have my pride. I have been deprived of my country and my parents; the only thing I have not lost is my nobility. So if Dionysius wants to have me as his concubine, if he wants to enjoy the satisfaction of his own desires, I will hang myself rather than give my body up to outrage fit for a slave. But if he wants me as his legal wife, then I too want to be a mother, so that Hermocrates' line will be continued. Dionysius should reflect on this; not by himself and in haste, but together with his friends and family, so that no one will say to him afterwards "Are you going to bring up children born of that bought slave woman? Are you going to bring shame on your house?" If he does not want to be a father, he shall not be my husband either!'" These words inflamed Dionysius all the more, and he conceived some faint hope that suggested to him his love was returned. He raised his arms to heaven and said: "Zeus and Helius![45] Only let me see a child born to Callirhoe! Then I shall think myself happier than the Great King! Let us go to her—take me, my loyal Plangon!"

2 He ran upstairs. His first impulse was to fall at Callirhoe's feet, but he restrained himself and sat down in a dignified manner. "My lady," he said, "I have come to thank you for saving me; I would not have forced myself on you, and I had made up my mind to die if you refused me.

44. The text and sense of this sentence are uncertain.

45. The sun-god, to whom one prayed for children and personal prosperity in general.

Thanks to you I have been restored to life. But although I am deeply grateful to you, I do have a reproach to make: you did not believe that I would take you as my lawful wife, 'for the procreation of children, according to Greek law.'[46] If I did not love you, I should not have begged you to marry me on those terms. You seem to think I am out of my mind—to imagine that a woman of noble birth is a slave, that a descendant of Hermocrates would not be fit to be my son! 'Reflect,' you say. I have reflected. Are you afraid of my friends—you, who are the dearest friend of all? Who will dare to call a son of mine unworthy—with a grandfather greater than his father?" As he spoke, he approached her, with tears in his eyes. Callirhoe blushed, and kissed him gently. "I trust you, Dionysius," she said. "It is my own fortune I do not trust. It has brought me low before now, from greater fortune; I am afraid it has not yet settled its quarrel with me. So although you are a good and just man, invoke the gods as witnesses; not because of yourself, but because of your fellow citizens and family, so that people will know you have taken your oath, and so be prevented from mounting some yet more malicious plot against me. A woman, all alone and a foreigner, is easy prey for contemptuous treatment." "What sort of oaths do you want me to swear before the gods?" he said. "I am prepared to climb up to heaven, if it can be done, and lay my hand on Zeus himself." "Swear," she said, "by the sea that brought me to you and by Aphrodite who showed me to you and by Eros who is making me your bride." He agreed, and it was done at once.

Dionysius's passion raged fiercely and would not suffer the wedding to be delayed; self-control is painful when desire can be satisfied. He was a civilized man; he had been overwhelmed by a storm—his heart was submerged, but still he forced himself to hold his head above the towering waves of his passion. And so, at that time, he entered on the following line of reasoning. "Am I to marry her in a deserted spot, as though she were really a bought slave? I am not so ungracious as to fail to celebrate my marriage to Callirhoe. This is the first thing in which I must show respect for my wife. Besides, it provides security for the future. Rumor is the swiftest thing there is; Rumor travels through the air, and nothing bars its path; it uncovers any hidden surprise. Even now, Rumor is rushing to carry to Sicily the strange news that Callirhoe is alive—tomb robbers opened her tomb and carried her off, and she has been sold in Miletus! Syracusan warships will soon be descending on us with Hermocrates in command, demanding his daughter's restoration. What am I to say? 'Theron has sold her to me.' 'Theron? Where is he?' Even if they believe me, am I to tell them the truth—that I receive stolen goods from

46. A standard formula (similar to those in Christian wedding ceremonies); in its form here the phrase appears to be a quotation from a comedy.

a pirate? Practice your defense, Dionysius; you may have to plead it before the Great King. If you do, it would be best to say, 'I heard somehow that a freeborn woman was living here; she was willing to marry, and I married her in town, publicly, according to the laws.' That is the best way to convince people—even my wife's father—that I am not unworthy of my marriage. Endure a brief delay, my heart, to enjoy a secure pleasure for a longer time. In the trial my case will be stronger if I have a husband's position, not a master's."

That is what he decided to do. He called Leonas and said: "Go off to town and prepare things for the wedding in style. Have herds of cattle driven in, and grain and wine brought by land and sea. I have decided to give a public feast for the town." He gave careful instructions, and the next day he himself left, traveling in a carriage. As for Callirhoe, he did not want her to appear in public yet, and he had her taken by boat in the evening right to his house, which was by the harbor called Docimus; he put her in the care of Plangon. When she was on the point of leaving the estate, Callirhoe first offered a prayer to Aphrodite. She went into her temple, got everyone to leave, and said to her: "Lady Aphrodite, ought I to reproach you or be grateful to you? You joined me to Chaereas when I was a maiden; now you are marrying me to another man after him. I should never have agreed to swear by you and your son, if this child"—she pointed to her womb—"had not betrayed me. For his sake," she said, "not for mine, I implore you to keep my deceit a secret. Since my child does not have his real father, let him pass as Dionysius's son. When he has grown up, he will find his real father as well." As they saw her going from the temple precinct to the sea, the boatmen were awestruck, as though Aphrodite herself were coming to embark, and as one man they made to worship her.

The rowers rowed with such enthusiasm that the ship reached harbor more quickly than words can tell. At daybreak the whole town was already decorated with garlands of flowers. Every man offered sacrifice in front of his own house, and not just in the temples. People were talking about who the bride was. Because she was so beautiful and unknown, the common crowd were convinced that a Nereid had come up out of the sea or that a goddess had appeared from Dionysius's estate; those were the rumors spread by the sailors. All had but one desire—to see Callirhoe; and the crowd gathered round the temple of Concord,[47] where by tradition bridegrooms received their brides. Now, for the first time since she had been in her tomb, Callirhoe dressed up to look her best; for once she had decided to marry, she considered that her beauty consti-

47. Concord—*homonoia*, "social harmony"—was personified as an institution, in an attempt to allay the social discord endemic in Hellenistic cities.

tuted her country and lineage. She put on a Milesian dress[48] and bridal wreath and faced the crowd; they all cried, "The bride is Aphrodite!" They spread purple cloth and scattered roses and violets in her path; they sprinkled her with perfume as she passed; not a child nor an old man remained in the houses, or even at the harbors;[49] the crowd packed tight, and people even climbed on the roofs of houses. But once more, even on that day, the evil spirit vented his spite. How he did so I shall tell you shortly; first, I want to relate what happened in Syracuse during the same time.

That was as follows. The tomb robbers had been careless in closing 3
the tomb—it was at night, and they were in a hurry. At the crack of dawn Chaereas turned up at the tomb, ostensibly to offer wreaths and libations, but in fact with the intention of doing away with himself; he could not bear being separated from Callirhoe and thought that death was the only thing that would cure his grief. When he reached the tomb, he found that the stones had been moved and the entrance was open. He was astonished at the sight and overcome by fearful perplexity at what had happened. Rumor—a swift messenger—told the Syracusans this amazing news. They all quickly crowded round the tomb, but no one dared go inside until Hermocrates gave an order to do so. The man who was sent in reported the whole situation accurately. It seemed incredible that even the corpse was not lying there. Then Chaereas himself determined to go in, in his desire to see Callirhoe again even dead; but though he hunted through the tomb, he could find nothing. Many people could not believe it and went in after him. They were all seized by helplessness. One of those standing there said, "The funeral offerings have been carried off—it is tomb robbers who have done that; but what about the corpse—where is it?" Many different suggestions circulated in the crowd. Chaereas looked towards the heavens, stretched up his arms, and cried: "Which of the gods is it, then, who has become my rival in love and carried off Callirhoe and is now keeping her with him—against her will, constrained by a more powerful destiny? That is why she died suddenly—so that she would not realize what was happening.[50] That is how Dionysus took Ariadne from Theseus, how Zeus took Semele.[51] It looks as if I had a goddess for a wife without knowing it, someone above my

48. Miletus was famous for its wool; Milesian clothes were of high quality and a symbol of wealth and luxury.

49. Harbors would normally be under constant guard.

50. The text is doubtful here.

51. Ariadne: a somewhat different version of the myth from that set out in note 18 above. Semele: again, apparently not the standard legend, according to which Zeus, Semele's lover, manifested himself to her in the form of a thunderbolt, thus killing her. Both Ariadne and Semele were transformed into divinities, which is the point of Chaereas's next remark.

station. But she should not have left the world so quickly, even for such a reason. Thetis was a goddess, but she stayed with Peleus, and he had a son by her; I have been abandoned at the very height of my love. What is to happen to me? What is to become of me, poor wretch? Should I do away with myself? And who would share my grave? I did have this much to look forward to, in my misfortune—that if I could not continue to share Callirhoe's bed, I should come to share her grave. My lady! I offer my justification for living—you force me to live, because I shall look for you on land and sea, and in the very sky if I can reach there! This I beg of you, my dear—do not flee from me!" At this the crowd broke out in lamentation; everyone began to lament for Callirhoe as though she had just died.

Triremes were launched at once, and many men shared the search. For Sicily, Hermocrates himself conducted the investigation; Chaereas took North Africa. Some were sent to Italy; others were instructed to cross the Ionian Sea.[52] Well, human efforts were altogether ineffectual; it was Fortune who brought the truth to light—Fortune, without whom nothing ever comes to completion, as one can see from what happened. The tomb robbers left Miletus when they had sold the woman—a hard cargo to dispose of—and headed for Crete; they were told that it was a prosperous and large island and hoped they would be able to find buyers for their cargo without difficulty. But a strong wind caught them and drove them into the Ionian Sea, where they then wandered in unfrequented waters. The villains were caught in thunder and lightning and lasting darkness—Providence was demonstrating that it was Callirhoe who had brought them fair sailing before. Each time they came close to death the god would not accord them quick release from their fear, but made their shipwreck drag out. Dry land would not accept the villains, and as they rode at sea for a long time, they came to lack the necessities of life, especially water. Their ill-gotten wealth availed them nothing; amid gold, they were dying of thirst. Slowly they came to repent of their reckless behavior and reproach one another, saying that it had brought them no profit. Now, the rest were all dying of thirst, but Theron proved a rogue even in that crisis: he contrived to steal some of the water, thieving from his fellow thieves. He thought he had done something clever, of course; but the fact was that it was Providence's doing—she was keeping him for torture and crucifixion. What happened was that Chaereas's ship came

52. It was the usual practice not to sail across open seas in winter. The fact that the Syracusans do just that here is shown to be exceptional by their having to *launch* their ships from their winter storage. It is an indication of the emotions of this moment in the story; Chariton is striving for effect. Later (3.5) he milks the same theme for the same purpose. (Cf. 8.6.) The Ionian Sea is the open stretch between Sicily and the Peloponnese (it has no connection with the region of Asia Minor known as Ionia); the normal route followed the coast of Southern Italy and crossed the Adriatic from Brindisi.

upon the pirates' cutter as it was wandering about erratically, and at first steered away, thinking it was a pirate craft. But when it became clear that it had no pilot and was drifting aimlessly, as the waves drove against it, one of the trireme's crew cried, "There isn't anyone on board! No need to be frightened—let's pull alongside and find out what the mystery is!" The helmsman agreed (Chaereas was in the body of the ship weeping, his head covered up). When they drew alongside, at first they hailed the crew. When no one answered, a man from the trireme boarded the ship; but all he saw was gold and dead bodies. He told his fellows, who were delighted; they thought themselves lucky, finding a fortune at sea. This caused a commotion, and Chaereas asked what the matter was; when he was told, he wanted to see this strange sight for himself. When he recognized the funeral offerings, he tore his clothes and uttered a loud, piercing cry: "Ah, Callirhoe! These are yours! This is the wreath I put on your head! Your father gave you this, your mother this; this is your bridal dress! The ship has turned into your tomb! But—I can see your things, but where are you? The tomb's contents are all there—except the body!" Theron heard this and lay there like the dead—in fact he was half-dead. He fully intended not to utter a sound or move a muscle, since he was well aware what would happen. But human beings are born with a love of life; not even in the worst disaster do we despair of a change for the better—the god who made the world has implanted this specious notion in all of us, so that we will not run away from a life of misery. So Theron, in the grip of thirst, first uttered, "Drink!" When he had been given something to drink and had received every attention, Chaereas sat down beside him and asked him: "Who are you men? Where are you sailing to? Where did you get these things? What have you done with the woman they belong to?" Theron summoned all his unscrupulous cunning. "I am a Cretan," he said, "and I am sailing to Ionia to look for my brother, who is a soldier. I was left behind by the ship's crew in Cephallenia, when they left there in a hurry, and joined this ship, which called in there, conveniently for me. But we were driven out into these waters by violent winds. Then we were becalmed for a long time, and everyone died of thirst except me—I survived because of my piety." When Chaereas heard this, he gave orders for the trireme to take the cutter in tow, until they reached harbor in Syracuse.

Rumor reached home before them; she is naturally swift, and on that 4
occasion she was all the more eager to report these many strange marvels. So everyone hurried to collect by the shore, and the crowd, thunderstruck by the strange tale, displayed various emotions all at once—astonishment, inquiring interest, disbelief. When Callirhoe's mother saw her daughter's funeral offerings, she cried out in distress: "I recognize everything—only you are missing, my child! Strange tomb

robbers—they have preserved the clothing and gold, and stolen only my daughter!" Shores and harbors resounded as the women beat their breasts and filled land and sea with lamentation. But Hermocrates, a man of experience and used to authority, said: "This is not the place to examine the situation; we should pursue our inquiry more in accordance with law. Let us go to the assembly—who knows, we might actually need a jury."

"Before he had finished speaking,"[53] the theater was already packed. This assembly included women as well.[54] The people were sitting there, greatly agitated, when Chaereas came in first, dressed in black, pale, unwashed, looking as he did when he followed his wife to her tomb. He refused to go up onto the platform, but stood below it. At first he wept for a long time; he tried to speak but could not. The crowd shouted, "Take heart! Speak!" With a struggle he raised his head. "This is a moment for grief, not for an oration," he said. "I am compelled to speak by the same need that makes me live until I find out why Callirhoe has disappeared. That is why I sailed from here; I do not know whether to call my voyage successful or not. I saw a ship drifting in fair weather, weighed down with its own private storm, sinking in calm seas. We were surprised at this and approached it. I thought I was looking at my poor wife's tomb, with everything that belonged to her in it except herself. Dead bodies there were, many of them; but all were other people's bodies. This fellow, whoever he is, we found among them, half-dead. I gave him every care, restored him to life, and kept him for you."

Meanwhile public slaves brought Theron into the theater in chains. He had an escort that befitted him: that is, he was followed by the wheel, the rack,[55] fire, and whips—Providence was according him the proper prize for his efforts. When he had taken his position in the middle of the assembly, one of the magistrates asked him, "Who are you?" "Demetrius," he replied. "Where are you from?" "I am a Cretan." "Tell us what you know." "I was sailing to my brother in Ionia when I was left behind by my ship. I joined a cutter that was passing that way. At the time I thought they were merchants, but now I realize they were tomb robbers. We were at sea for a long time, and all the others died for lack of water; I have just managed to survive, because I have never done anything wicked in my life. Syracusans, you are a people celebrated for your humanity—do not be more cruel to me than thirst and the sea!"

53. A Homeric formula (e.g., *Iliad* 10.540) also used elsewhere by Chariton.

54. A gross anachronism; at the dramatic date of this story women took no part in politics, although they appear to have done so in Chariton's own times. But here as elsewhere the author is aiming at emotional effect—this was an exceptional meeting!

55. The word here translated "rack" is strictly "catapult," a term normally used of a military engine; this use has not been explained, but presumably the machine was used to stretch a victim.

When he said this, in pathetic tones, the crowd were touched with pity; and perhaps he would have convinced them, even to the point of being given money to take him home, had not some divinity, to avenge Callirhoe, felt indignant that he should be believed so unjustly. For it would have been the most outrageous thing possible for the Syracusans to believe that he alone had been saved because of his piety, when it was his impiety that saved him alone—but it saved him for worse punishment. Thus, a fisherman in the crowd recognized him and said quietly to the people sitting by him, "I've seen this man before, wandering about our harbor." His words were quickly passed on to more people, and someone cried out, "He's lying!" So the whole crowd turned towards him, and the magistrates ordered the man who had spoken first to come down. When Theron denied the accusation, the fisherman was more readily believed. At once they called for the torturers, and the impious rogue was whipped. He had fire applied to him; his flesh was torn; but he held out for a long time and almost overcame the torture. But conscience is a strong force in every one of us, and truth is all-powerful; with reluctance, and slowly, Theron confessed. He began his story. "I saw riches being enclosed in the tomb and assembled a gang of robbers. We opened the tomb and found the corpse alive. We carried everything away and put it in our cutter. We sailed to Miletus, sold the woman alone, and then started to take everything else to Crete; but we were driven out into the Ionian Sea by winds, and you have seen what happened to us." He told the whole story but failed to mention one thing—the name of the man who had bought Callirhoe.

At these words joy and grief came over everyone—joy that Callirhoe was alive, grief that she had been sold. Theron was condemned to death, but Chaereas begged that he should not be executed yet, "so that he can come and show me who bought her," he said. "Consider what I am compelled to do—plead for the man who sold my wife." Hermocrates would not allow this. "It is better," he said, "to make our search more laborious than allow the law to be broken. Syracusans, I ask you to recall my service as your general and my victories, and pay me back by saving my daughter. Send an embassy for her; she is a freeborn woman—let us recover her." While he was still speaking, the assembly cried out, "Let us all sail!" and most of the members of the council rose to volunteer their help. "I thank you all," said Hermocrates, "for the honor you have shown me; but two ambassadors from the assembly and two from the council are enough; and Chaereas will sail with the group as leader."

This was agreed and ratified, and thereupon he dismissed the assembly. As Theron was led away, a great part of the crowd followed. He was crucified in front of Callirhoe's tomb, and from his cross he looked

out on that sea over which he had carried as a captive the daughter of Hermocrates, whom even the Athenians had not taken.

5 Now, everybody else thought they should wait for the sailing season and put to sea at the first gleam of spring, because at the time it was still winter, and it seemed quite impossible to cross the Ionian Sea. But Chaereas was eager to go—his love was such that he was quite prepared to knock a raft together, launch out onto the sea, and let the winds carry him where they would; so the ambassadors too were reluctant to put things off, out of embarrassment with regard to him and especially Hermocrates, and got ready to sail. The Syracusans made it an official expedition, to give the embassy additional prestige; so they launched the famous flagship, which was still flying the standards of the victory. On the appointed day of departure the people all hurried to the harbor, not just men, but women and children too; and prayers were joined with tears, groans of despair, words of consolation, fear, confidence, despair, hope. Chaereas's father, Ariston, who was in the grip of extreme old age and disease, flung his arms round his son's neck and clung to him, weeping. "My child," he said, "to whom are you abandoning me? I am old, and half-dead already; I shall clearly never see you again. Wait just a few days so that I can die in your arms; then bury me and leave." His mother grasped his knees. "I beg you, my child," she said, "do not leave me here all by myself! Take me on board your ship—I shall be a light cargo; if I am heavy and too much for you to carry, throw me into the sea you are sailing on!" As she spoke, she tore at the front of her dress and thrust forward her breasts. "My child!" she cried.

> "Respect these breasts and pity me, if ever I offered you my breast to calm your sorrows."[56]

Chaereas broke down at his parents' appeals and threw himself from the ship into the sea; he wanted to die, so as not to have to choose between abandoning the search for Callirhoe and causing grief to his parents. The sailors quickly leapt overboard and just managed to bring him out of the water. Then Hermocrates told the crowd to disperse and ordered the pilot to set sail finally. Another noble act of friendship took place too. Chaereas's friend Polycharmus was not to be seen among them at the time. He had actually said to his parents, "Chaereas is my friend, my dear friend—but not so dear that I will risk my life with him, so I shall stay out of the way until he sails." But when the ship had cast off, it was from her stern that he said farewell to his parents, so that by then they could not hold him back.

56. *Iliad* 22.82–83 (Hecuba begging Hector not to meet Achilles in battle).

As he left harbor, Chaereas looked towards the open water. "Sea!" he cried. "Take me over the same route as you took Callirhoe! Poseidon! Grant, I beg you, that either she return with us or I too not come back, without her! If I cannot recover my wife, I want to be with her even as a slave!"

A following wind caught the trireme, and it ran as if in the tracks of 6
the cutter; they reached Ionia in the same number of days and moored at the same beach on Dionysius's estate. The rest of the ship's company, after landing exhausted, hurried to see to their own well-being, pitching tents and getting a meal ready; but Chaereas, walking about with Polycharmus, said: "How can we find Callirhoe now? I am very much afraid that Theron lied to us, and the poor girl is dead. Then again, even if she really has been sold, who knows where? Asia is big." In their wandering they happened upon the temple of Aphrodite, so they decided to offer worship to the goddess. Chaereas threw himself at her feet: "Lady," he said, "you were the first to show me Callirhoe, at your festival; give me back now the woman you granted me." As he rose, he saw beside the goddess's statue a golden image of Callirhoe which Dionysius had offered.

And then his limbs gave way, his heart felt faint.

He felt dizzy and fell to the ground. The attendant saw him, brought water, and revived him. "Don't be frightened," she said. "Many other people have been scared by the goddess besides you; she appears in person, you see, and lets herself be distinctly seen. But this is a sign of great good fortune. You see the golden image? That woman was a slave, and Aphrodite has made her mistress of all of us." "Why, who is she?" asked Chaereas. "The mistress of this estate, my child, the wife of Dionysius, the leading man in Ionia." When Polycharmus heard this, he would not let Chaereas say another word—*he* had his wits about him—but raised him up and took him away; he did not want it to be known who they were before they had thought about the whole situation carefully and come to agreement about it. Chaereas said nothing in the presence of the attendant but forced himself to keep silence—although he could not stop tears from coming to his eyes. When he was some distance away, he threw himself on the ground, alone, and cried: "Kindly sea! Why have you preserved me so far? Is it so that after my fair voyage I may see Callirhoe another man's wife? I did not think that would ever happen, even if Chaereas died! What shall I do, in my misery! I expected to get you back from a master; I was sure I would win over the man who bought you, by offering ransom for you. In fact I have found you wealthy, perhaps even a queen. How much more fortunate I should be if I had found you begging! Am I to go up to Dionysius and say, 'Give me back my

wife!' Who can say that to a man who has married her? Why, I cannot even go up to you if I meet you! I cannot even offer you the most ordinary of greetings—as my fellow citizen! Perhaps I shall even risk death as the debaucher of my own wife!" Such were his laments; and Polycharmus tried to comfort him.

7 Meanwhile Dionysius's steward Phocas, when he saw a warship, felt a certain alarm. Ingratiating himself with one of the crew, he found out from him who they really were and where they were from and the reason for their journey. So he realized that this trireme brought real disaster for Dionysius and that he would not live if he were separated from Callirhoe. He was fond of his master and wanted to forestall trouble and extinguish a war that would not be a big affair, certainly, nor widespread, but affected Dionysius's household alone. So he rode off to a Persian garrison and told them that an enemy trireme was riding at anchor in a secluded spot, perhaps with a view to spying, perhaps for piracy, and that it was in the King's interest that it be seized before it did any harm. He convinced the Persians and led them out in battle order. So they fell on the ship in the middle of the night, set it on fire, and destroyed it; they chained all the men they took alive and drove them back to the garrison. When the prisoners were shared out, Chaereas and Polycharmus begged to be sold to one master. The man who got them sold them into Caria; there, trailing heavy chains, they worked the land of Mithridates.[57]

Chaereas appeared to Callirhoe in a dream, in chains, trying to approach her but unable to do so. She uttered in her sleep a loud, piercing cry of distress, "Come to me, Chaereas!" That was the first time Dionysius had heard the name of Chaereas. To his wife's consternation he asked, "Who is it you are calling to?" Her tears gave her away; she could not hold her grief in check but gave voice to her sorrow. "A poor unfortunate man," she said, "my first husband, unhappy even in my dreams—I saw him in chains. O my poor husband, in looking for me you have found death—it is your death that the chains signify—while I am alive and living in luxury, lying on a bed of beaten gold with another husband! But before long I shall come to you; even if in life we could not enjoy each other, we shall possess each other in death!" When he heard this, Dionysius was assailed by conflicting sentiments. He was seized with jealousy, that Callirhoe loved Chaereas even dead; with fear, that she would kill herself. Yet still, he was heartened by the thought that his

57. Caria is the region east and southeast of Miletus, the southwest of Asia Minor. Mithridates is not a historical person, but his name is typically Persian; this is true in general of the names Chariton gives to his Persian characters, which can usually be found somewhere in Persian history.

wife thought her first husband dead, for he supposed that she would not leave Dionysius if Chaereas was no longer alive. So he consoled his wife as best he could, and for many days he watched over her in case she did herself some harm. Callirhoe's grief was dissipated by the hope that perhaps Chaereas was alive and her dream had been a deceptive one, and most of all by the child in her womb. Seven months after the wedding she gave birth to a son, ostensibly Dionysius's child, but in reality that of Chaereas. The town mounted a great festival, and delegations came from all over as people shared in Miletus's happiness at the addition to Dionysius's family. The master, in his joy, yielded to his wife in everything and made her mistress of his house. He filled the temples with votive gifts and invited the whole town to sacrificial banquets.

Callirhoe was worried that her secret would be betrayed, so she asked 8
for Plangon to be freed. Plangon was the only person besides herself who knew she was pregnant when she came to Dionysius, and Callirhoe wanted to make sure of having her loyalty, not just as a matter of sentiment but on the basis of her material position. "I will gladly recognize the help Plangon has given us in our courtship," said Dionysius, "but we are acting wrongly if, when we have rewarded the servant, we are not to show gratitude to Aphrodite, in whose temple we first saw each other." "I want to more than you do," said Callirhoe, "since my debt to her is greater than yours. For the moment I am still recovering from the birth; it will be safer if we wait a few days before we go to the country."

She quickly recovered from the birth and grew stronger and bigger, no longer a girl, but now a mature woman. When they reached the estate, Phocas arranged magnificent sacrifices—a large crowd had followed them from town. As he began the public offering, Dionysius said: "Lady Aphrodite, you are the source of all my blessings; it is you who gave me Callirhoe, you who gave me my son; you have made me a husband and a father. I was satisfied to have Callirhoe—she is sweeter to me than country or parents—but I love my child, for making his mother more surely mine; I have a guarantee of her goodwill. I beg you, my lady, keep Callirhoe safe for my sake and keep my son safe for her sake." The crowd of people standing round said amen to his prayer and pelted them with roses or violets or whole garlands, so that the temple grounds were filled with flowers. Well, Dionysius had voiced his prayer in the hearing of everyone, but Callirhoe wanted to speak to Aphrodite alone. First she took her son in her own arms; that formed a beautiful sight, such as no painter has ever yet painted nor sculptor sculpted nor poet recounted, since none of them has represented Artemis or Athena holding a baby in her arms.[58] Dionysius wept for joy when he saw it and quietly addressed a propitia-

58. Because both were virgin goddesses.

tory prayer to Nemesis.[59] Callirhoe told Plangon alone to stay with her and sent everyone else ahead to the house. When they had left, she stood near to Aphrodite and held up her child. "On his behalf I am grateful to you, mistress," she said. "On my own behalf I am not sure. I should be grateful to you for myself as well if you had watched over Chaereas for me. But you have given me an image of my dear husband; you have not taken Chaereas from me altogether. Grant, I pray you, that my son be more fortunate than his parents, and like his grandfather. May he too sail on a flagship—and when he is in action, may people say, 'Hermocrates' grandson is greater than he was!' His grandfather too will be happy to see his courage inherited; and we shall be happy, his parents, even if we are dead. I beg you, mistress, be at peace with me now; I have had enough misfortune! I have died and come to life again. I have been taken by pirates and made an exile; I have been sold and been a slave; and I reckon my second marriage a greater burden yet than all this. I beg one favor of you, and of the other gods through you, to requite all: preserve my fatherless child!" She would have said more but could not for her tears.

9 After a short time she called the priestess. The old woman came when called. "Why are you crying, child," she asked, "when you have such good fortune? Why, foreigners are actually worshiping you as a goddess now. The other day two handsome young men sailed by here, and one of them almost fainted when he saw your image—that is how famous Aphrodite has made you." These words struck at Callirhoe's heart; she stared as though she had gone out of her mind and cried: "Who were the foreigners? Where had their ship come from? What story did they tell you?" The old woman was frightened and at first stood there speechless; then she managed to speak. "I only saw them," she said. "I didn't hear anything." "What did they look like? Try to recall their appearance." The old woman told her, not in detail, but Callirhoe suspected the truth all the same—people always believe what they want to be the case. She looked at Plangon. "Perhaps poor Chaereas has wandered to these parts and is here now," she said. "What then has happened to him? Let us look for him—but say nothing about it."

Now when she joined Dionysius she told him only what the priestess had told her; she knew that love is naturally inquisitive, and that Dionysius would try of his own accord to find out what had happened. That was just how it turned out. Dionysius did find out and was immediately seized with jealousy; it never occurred to him to think of Chaereas, but he was afraid that someone was hiding on the estate plotting to seduce his wife. Her beauty led him to suspect and fear anything—and not only

59. Nemesis was originally the concept of retribution, then was personified as the goddess of divine vengeance.

human assaults on her; he half expected a god, even, to come down from heaven and compete with him for her love. So he called Phocas to him and questioned him thoroughly. "Who are these young men? Where do they come from? Are they rich and handsome, I wonder? Why were they worshiping *my* Aphrodite? Who told them about her? Who said they could do so?" Phocas tried to hide the truth of the matter, not because he was afraid of Dionysius, but because he realized that if Callirhoe found out what had happened, she would ruin him and his family, so he said that there had been no visitors. Thereupon Dionysius, not knowing why he was acting in that way, began to suspect that a more serious design was being woven against himself. He grew very angry and called for whips and the wheel, to use on Phocas; and he sent for everybody else on the estate as well as him, convinced that it was a case of seduction he was investigating. Phocas saw the danger he was in whether he spoke or not. "Sir," he said, "I will tell you truth—to you alone." Dionysius sent everyone away. "There you are," he said, "We are alone. Don't tell any more lies—tell me the truth, even if it is ugly." "Ugly, no, sir," he said, "In fact I have very good news for you; the beginning may sound rather grim, but don't let that worry you or distress you; wait till you've heard the whole story—you'll find it has a happy ending." Dionysius was excited at the promised news and hung on Phocas's words. "Hurry up," he cried. "Tell me at once!" So Phocas began his story. "A trireme arrived here from Sicily with ambassadors on board, sent by the Syracusans to demand Callirhoe back." Dionysius fainted when he heard that; darkness spread over his eyes. In his mind's eye he saw Chaereas standing over him tearing Callirhoe away from him. So he lay there inert and pale as a corpse; Phocas did not know what to do, and did not want to call anyone because he did not want anyone to know his secret. Gradually and with difficulty he managed to revive his master himself. "Don't be distressed," he said. "Chaereas is dead; the ship is destroyed; there's nothing to be afraid of now." Dionysius took heart at what he said; gradually he came back to himself and began to ask about all the details. Phocas told him about the sailor who had given him the information—where the ship was from, the purpose of their journey, who was on board; he told him also about his own tactics of involving the Persians and about that night—how the ship was attacked and burned, and the crew killed or captured. So the dark cloud lifted from Dionysius's mind;[60] he embraced Phocas and said: "You are my benefactor, you are my true guardian, the most faithful partner in my secrets. It is through you that I possess Callirhoe and my son. I would not have told you to kill Chaereas—but now that you have done it, I do not find fault with you, because you did

60. The text is corrupt; the translation gives the general sense.

wrong out of loyalty to your master. You were careless in only one thing—you did not find out whether Chaereas was among the dead or the prisoners. You should have searched for his body; he would have had burial, and I should have better grounds for confidence. As things are, I cannot enjoy my good fortune without anxiety, because of the prisoners; we don't even know where any of them has been sold."

10 He instructed Phocas to report publicly everything else that had happened, but to say nothing about two matters: his own tactics and the fact that some of the men from the trireme were still alive. Then he went to Callirhoe, looking sad. Next he called together the countryfolk and interrogated them,[61] so that his wife could learn what had happened and consequently be confirmed in her despair over Chaereas. They all came and reported what they knew. "Barbarian brigands swept down from somewhere during the night and burned a Greek trireme that had anchored offshore the day before; at daybreak we saw the sea stained with blood and dead bodies being tossed about by the waves." When his wife heard that, she tore her clothing, beat at her eyes and cheeks, and ran into the house she had first entered when she was sold. Dionysius let her emotions take their course; he was afraid he would make a nuisance of himself if he forced his presence on her. So he told everyone to leave; Plangon alone was to sit with her, to make sure she did herself no harm. When Callirhoe managed to be by herself, she sat on the ground, poured dust over her head, tore her hair, and began to utter her lament. "I prayed to die before you or with you, Chaereas; I must in any event die after you, for what hope is left now that would keep me in life? Until now, in my misery I reckoned: 'Some day I shall see Chaereas and tell him all I have suffered for him—that will make me more precious to him. How full of joy he will be when he sees our son!' It is all pointless now! Even my child is a useless burden now—he is fatherless, an addition to my troubles! Aphrodite, you are unjust! Only you have seen Chaereas—you did not show him to me when he came! You have given that fair body into robbers' hands! He sailed across the sea for your sake, and you did not take pity on him! Who could pray to such a goddess, who killed her own suppliant? On a night of fear you saw a fair young man, a lover, being murdered near you—and did not help him! You have robbed me of my comrade and countryman, my lover and beloved, my bridegroom! Give me back at least his body! I grant that we were born ill starred above all others—but what wrong had the trireme done? Even the Athenians could not take it—and it has been burned by barbarians! At this moment our parents are sitting by the sea, waiting for us to come back home; at every ship that appears on the horizon they say,

61. The text is corrupt; the translation gives a suitable sense.

'Chaereas is coming with Callirhoe!' They are preparing our marriage bed; our bridal chamber is being decked out—and we do not even have a tomb of our own! Hateful sea! You brought Chaereas to Miletus to be murdered—and me to be sold!"

Book Four

So Callirhoe spent that night weeping and wailing, mourning for Chaereas while he was still alive. But for a short time she slept, and she dreamed she saw a band of barbarian robbers bringing torches, and the ship ablaze, and herself rescuing Chaereas. Dionysius was distressed to see his wife wasting away, because of course he was afraid her beauty might suffer; and he began to think that it would serve his own love if she abandoned all thought of her former husband for good. So to show his affection and magnanimity he said to Callirhoe: "Get up, my dear, and erect a tomb for the poor fellow! Why yearn for what cannot be, and neglect what has to be done? Imagine that he is standing over you saying, 1

> 'Bury me so that I may pass through the gates of Hades as soon as possible!'[62]

For even if the poor man's body cannot be found, it is an old Greek custom to offer the honor of a tomb even to those who are lost."

He soon persuaded her, since his suggestion was to her liking. As the idea sank in, her grief abated, and she got up from her bed and began to look for a place to erect the tomb. She was attracted by the area near Aphrodite's temple; that way, posterity too would be reminded of their love. But Dionysius did not want Chaereas to be so close to the temple, and he wanted to keep that spot for himself. At the same time he wanted to keep her thoughts occupied, so he said, "Let us go to the city, my dear, and erect in front of it a lofty tomb, clearly visible,

> so that it may be seen by men far off, from the sea.[63]

Miletus has fine harbors, and even Syracusans often anchor in them, so your credit will even reach the ears of your countrymen." Callirhoe liked the idea and restrained her eagerness for the moment. But once she was in town, she began to construct a tomb on an elevation by the shore; it was like her own tomb in Syracuse in all respects—shape, size, costliness—and like hers it was built for someone who was still alive! Thanks to the money lavished on it and the abundance of labor, the work was soon completed; and then she also staged a mock funeral for Chaereas. A

62. *Iliad* 23.71 (Patroclus's soul to Achilles).
63. *Odyssey* 24.83 (of Achilles' tomb).

date was decided and announced, and on that day the population not only of Miletus but of practically all Ionia came together.

There were also present two satraps who were visiting Miletus at the time, Mithridates of Caria and Pharnaces of Lydia.[64] They were there ostensibly to show respect to Dionysius, but in fact to see Callirhoe; her reputation was indeed great throughout all Asia, and by now her name had reached the King of Persia and was more celebrated than that of Ariadne or Leda.[65] On that day she looked even lovelier than she was reputed to be. She appeared dressed in black, with her hair let down; with her shining countenance and her arms bared she looked more beautiful than Homer's goddesses of the "white arms" and "fair ankles."[66] In fact no one present could stand the radiance of her beauty. Some turned their eyes away, as if the sun's rays had fallen on them; some even fell to the ground in worship; even children were affected. Mithridates, the governor of Caria, was speechless with astonishment. He fell to the ground like someone struck unexpectedly by a slingshot, and his attendants could scarcely hold him up. At the head of the procession was an image of Chaereas, modeled from the seal of Callirhoe's ring; but handsome as it was, no one looked at it, because Callirhoe was there—she alone drew all eyes to her. How could the end of the procession be fitly described? When they reached the tomb, those who were carrying the bier set it down. Callirhoe went up onto it and embraced Chaereas, kissing his image. "First you buried me, in Syracuse, and now I am burying you in Miletus. Our misfortunes are not merely great, they are also hard to believe—we have buried each other! Yet neither of us even has the other's dead body! Malicious Fortune! You do not let us even share a tomb in death! You have exiled even our dead bodies!" The crowd broke out in lamentation; everyone pitied Chaereas—not for dying, but for being deprived of such a wife.

2 So Callirhoe was burying Chaereas in Miletus while Chaereas was working in Caria in chains. He was soon physically worn out with digging, for many things weighed on him: weariness, neglect, his chains—and above all his love. He wanted to die but was kept from doing so by a faint hope that perhaps someday he would see Callirhoe. Then Polycharmus, the friend who had been captured with him, since he saw that Chaereas could not work and was being beaten and shamefully mistreated, said to the overseer, "Apportion a special area to us, so that you

64. Lydia is the region on the west coast of Asia Minor to the north of Miletus. Pharnaces is another nonhistorical figure with a typical name.

65. Leda was visited by Zeus in the shape of a swan and became by him the mother of Helen.

66. These formulaic epithets are applied by Homer to various females, not all goddesses; "white arms" is frequently applied to Hera; Leucothea, Danae, and Hebe all have "fair ankles."

do not set the other prisoners' laziness to our account, and we will do our own share each day." The overseer agreed and assigned their share. Polycharmus, a strapping young man who was not enslaved to Love—a cruel master!—completed both their allotted portions of work practically single-handed; he gladly took on most of the work to save his friend. So they were in this miserable situation and eventually had to realize they were no longer free. Meanwhile the satrap Mithridates returned to Caria. He was a different man from when he had gone to Miletus; he was pale and thin, because he had a burning, smarting wound in his heart. Consumed with passion for Callirhoe, he would have perished altogether if he had not found some consolation in the following way. Some of the men in Chaereas's chain gang—there were sixteen of them all told, shut in a dark hut—broke their chains in the night, murdered the overseer, and tried to escape. They failed because the dogs' barking gave them away; they were caught that night and all imprisoned more carefully, in stocks, and the next day the estate manager reported the incident to his master. Without even seeing them or hearing their defense the master at once ordered the crucifixion of the sixteen men in the hut. They were brought out chained together at foot and neck, each carrying his cross—the men executing the sentence added this grim public spectacle to the inevitable punishment as an example to frighten the other prisoners. Now Chaereas said nothing when he was led off with the others, but Polycharmus, as he carried his cross, said: "Callirhoe, it is because of you that we are suffering like this! You are the cause of all our troubles!" The supervisor heard what he said and concluded that some woman was their accomplice in their bold enterprise; so to get her punished too and have an investigation made into the plot, he at once detached Polycharmus from the chain that bound them all and took him to Mithridates. Mithridates was lying in a garden, beside himself with despair, picturing Callirhoe to himself as he had seen her in her grief; absorbed in the thought of her, he was displeased to see even his servant. "Look, why are you bothering me?" he asked. "It is necessary, sir," was the reply. "I have discovered the origin of that dreadful crime. This damnable villain knows an accursed woman who was an accomplice in the murder." At these words Mithridates frowned menacingly. "Tell me who this woman is," he said, "who was in this plot and helped you commit this crime!" Polycharmus said he did not know—he had had no part in the business at all. They called for whips; fire was brought; preparations were made for torture. Now one of them laid hands on Polycharmus. "Tell us the name of the woman," he said, "who you said was the cause of your troubles." "Callirhoe," said Polycharmus. Mithridates was startled at the name; he thought that by some unfortunate coincidence the women had the same name. So he was no longer very eager to pursue the investigation, in case

he eventually found himself obliged to do violence to that sweet name. But when his friends and household urged him to conduct the search more carefully, he said, "Get Callirhoe here." So they started hitting Polycharmus and asking him who she was and where they were to fetch her from. Poor Polycharmus was distressed, but he did not want to bring a false accusation against any woman. "Why are you making this pointless fuss," he said, "trying to find a woman who isn't here? It is Callirhoe of Syracuse I was talking about, the daughter of the general Hermocrates." At these words Mithridates blushed violently and burst into sweat; in fact a tear even dropped from his eye in spite of himself; whereupon Polycharmus himself fell silent, and nobody knew what to do. Eventually Mithridates managed to pull himself together. "What have you to do with that Callirhoe?" he asked. "Why did you speak her name when you were going to be executed?" "Sir, it is a long story," replied Polycharmus, "and it will not do me any good now. This is not the time to bother you with my chatter. Besides, I am afraid that my friend will be gone before me if I take too long, and I want to share his death too." His audience's mood softened; their anger changed to pity. Mithridates was more overcome than anyone. "Don't be afraid," he said. "You won't be bothering me with your story—I am a sympathetic man. Take courage and tell me everything—don't leave anything out. Who are you? Where are you from? How did you get to Caria? Why are you working the fields in a chain gang? Above all, tell me about Callirhoe—and tell me who your friend is."

3 So Polycharmus began his story. "We—the two prisoners—are Syracusans. The other young man was once preeminent in Sicily, in rank and wealth and appearance; as for me, I am of no consequence, but I am his companion and friend. Well, we left our parents and sailed away from Syracuse. I went for his sake; he, because of his wife, Callirhoe; he thought she was dead and had given her a costly funeral, but tomb robbers found her alive and sold her in Ionia. We got this information from the pirate Theron when he was publicly questioned under torture. So Syracuse sent a trireme and a delegation to look for the woman. This ship was set on fire by barbarians at night as it lay at anchor. They killed most of us but made prisoners of me and my friend and sold us to your estate. Now we put up with our misfortune patiently, but some of our fellow prisoners—whom we do not know—broke their chains and committed a murder; and you ordered us all to be taken off and crucified. Well, my friend didn't utter a word against his wife, even when the execution was under way; but I was moved to speak her name and call her the cause of our troubles, because she was the reason we sailed." Before he had finished, Mithridates cried, "It is Chaereas you mean?" "He is my friend," said Polycharmus. "Sir, please tell the executioner not to sepa-

rate even our crosses." This story was greeted with tears and groans, and Mithridates sent everybody off to reach Chaereas before he died. They found the rest nailed up on their crosses; Chaereas was just ascending his. So they shouted to them from far off. "Spare him!" cried some; others, "Come down!" or "Don't hurt him!" or "Let him go!" So the executioner checked his gesture, and Chaereas climbed down from his cross—with sorrow in his heart, for he was glad to be leaving a life of misery and ill-starred love. As he was being brought, Mithridates met him and embraced him. "My brother, my friend!" he said. "Your silence almost misled me into committing a crime! Your self-control was quite out of place!" Straightaway he told his servants to take them to the baths and see to their physical well-being, and when they had bathed, to give them luxurious Greek clothes to wear. He himself invited men of rank to a banquet and offered sacrifice for Chaereas's rescue. They drank deep, and there was generous hospitality and cheerful rejoicing. As the feasting went on, Mithridates became heated with wine and passion. "Chaereas," he said, "it is not your chains and your cross that I pity you for—it is losing such a wife!" Chaereas was thunderstruck. "But where have you seen my Callirhoe?" he cried. "She is not yours any more," said Mithridates. "She belongs to Dionysius of Miletus—she is his legally married wife. And now they have a child as well." When he heard that, Chaereas could not endure it. He fell at Mithridates' feet. "Sir," he cried, "I implore you, put me back on the cross! It is worse torture to force me to live after such news! Faithless Callirhoe! Wickedest of all women! I have been sold into slavery on account of you; I have dug the earth; I have carried my cross; I have been handed over to the executioner—and you were living in luxury, you were celebrating your marriage, while I was in chains! And you were not satisfied to become another man's wife while Chaereas was still alive—you became a mother too!" Everyone began to weep; the banquet became a scene of gloom. Mithridates alone was pleased at this; it gave him some hope in his passionate love, since he could now talk and take some action about Callirhoe, ostensibly to help a friend. "Well," he said, "it is night now, and time to break up. We can think about all this tomorrow, when we are sober; it needs time to look into it." With that he rose and brought the banquet to an end. He himself retired as usual; as for the young Syracusans, he gave them their own room and servants to look after them.

Throughout the ensuing night a score of preoccupations gripped them all; no one could sleep. Chaereas was angry; Polycharmus tried to console him. Mithridates, for his part, was basking in the hope of getting a bye, so to speak,[67] as in athletic games, while Chaereas and Dionysius 4

67. The translation is an approximation to the institution here referred to (*ephedreia,* "sitting by").

competed for Callirhoe, then himself carrying off the prize without a struggle. The next day, when the discussion began, Chaereas at once asked to be allowed to go to Miletus and ask Dionysius to give him his wife back—Callirhoe herself, he said, would not stay there once she had seen him. "As far as I am concerned," said Mithridates, "you can go. I don't want you to be separated from your wife even for one day. I wish that you had never left Sicily and that no trouble had ever befallen the two of you. But Fortune is capricious, and she has involved you in a grim drama, so you must be very careful what you decide about the next step. At the moment you are rushing ahead emotionally, not rationally; you are not looking ahead. Do you propose to go alone, and a foreigner, to a very big city, and try to tear away his wife from a wealthy man who is the most prominent citizen of Asia, when she is specially linked to him?[68] What power have you on your side? Hermocrates and Mithridates will be a long way away, and they are your only allies; they can grieve for you, but they cannot help you. Besides, I am afraid Miletus is an unlucky spot for you. You have already suffered badly there, but what you have suffered will seem like privileged treatment to you—Miletus was kinder to you in the past than it will be in the future.[69] You were put in chains, true; but your life was spared. You were sold as a slave—but to me. But this time, if Dionysius catches you trying to wreck his marriage, what god will be able to save you? You will find yourself in your rival's power—and his power is absolute. Perhaps he won't even believe you *are* Chaereas—and if he does, that will be even more dangerous for you! Do you not know what Love is like? You must be unique. Love revels in tricking people, setting traps. I think you had better try the woman out first by letter. Find out whether she remembers you, whether she is prepared to leave Dionysius or

wants to make thrive the house of the man who weds her.[70]

Write her a letter; make her grieve, make her rejoice; make her search for you and call you to her. I'll find a way to get the letter to her. Go off and write to her." Chaereas took this advice. When he was alone, with no one near, he tried to write, but his tears flowed and his hand trembled and he could not. He wept deeply over his sad lot; then he managed to start this letter.

68. By the child, that is.

69. I have departed from Blake's text and given what I think is the meaning of the original text, which may now be impossible to recover. Jackson's proposed emendation ("the past will seem golden to you—Miletus was kinder then") is probably similar to what Chariton wrote.

70. *Odyssey* 15.21.

From Chaereas to Callirhoe. I am alive, alive thanks to Mithridates, my benefactor—and yours, I hope. I was taken to Caria and sold by barbarians who set on fire that splendid trireme that was your father's flagship—the state had sent off a delegation in it, to recover you. I do not know what has happened to the other Syracusans, but my friend Polycharmus and I were on the point of being executed when our master took pity on us and we were spared. But all of Mithridates' kindness is counteracted by the distress he has caused me in telling me of your marriage. Death I expected—I am human; but I never thought to find you married. Change your mind, I beseech you—this letter of mine is drenched with the libation of my tears and kisses! I am your Chaereas—that Chaereas you saw when you went to Aphrodite's temple as a virgin, that Chaereas who caused you sleepless nights! Remember our bridal chamber and that night of initiation—when you first knew a man, and I a woman! You will say I showed jealousy. That is the mark of a man who loves you. I have made amends to you: I was sold, enslaved, put in chains. Do not harbor malice against me for kicking you, in my temper—in my turn I ascended the cross because of you and did not say a word against you. Oh, if you should still remember me, my sufferings are nothing; but if you are minded otherwise, you will be passing sentence of death on me!

Mithridates gave this letter to Hyginus, a very trusted man who administered all his possessions in Caria; he had revealed his own passion to him as well. He also wrote to Callirhoe himself, expressing his goodwill and concern for her and saying that it was for her sake that he had reprieved Chaereas. He advised her not to treat her first husband cruelly and promised that he would personally see to it that they recovered each other, if he had her agreement too. He sent three attendants with Hyginus, and expensive gifts and a large amount of gold; to avoid suspicion, the other servants were told that they were destined for Dionysius. He instructed Hyginus to leave the others at Priene[71] when he got there and to go on to Miletus by himself in the guise of an Ionian—he spoke Greek—and reconnoiter; when he had found out how to handle the situation, then he was to bring the Priene party to Miletus. So Hyginus went

71. Priene lay slightly to the north of Miletus: Plepelits, *Chariton,* 179 n. 118, points out that the geography of Hyginus's journey makes it likely that Mithridates' headquarters were east rather than south of Miletus; hence Chariton was probably thinking of his own city, Aphrodisias (in the valley of the Maeander), as his seat. This would constitute another anachronism, since Aphrodisias's heyday was in the early imperial period, Chariton's own time. Priene, on the other hand, was no longer an active town after the first century B.C., when the Maeander silted up.

off and set about carrying out his instructions. But Fortune ordained an issue different from what was intended; she set on foot matters of greater moment. When Hyginus left for Miletus, the slaves were left without any supervision; with abundant money at their disposal, they launched on a bout of dissolute living. In a small town, where in true Greek fashion everybody was inquisitive, this extravagance on the part of visitors attracted general attention; a group of unknown fellows living luxuriously, they struck people as probably robbers and at least runaway slaves. So the chief magistrate came to their inn and made a careful search; he found gold and precious jewelry. Thinking they were stolen, he interrogated the servants, asking them who they were and where these things came from. Fear of torture induced them to disclose the truth, that Mithridates, the governor of Caria, had sent them as gifts to Dionysius; and they showed him the letters as well. As they were fastened with seals, the magistrate did not open them; he handed everything over to the public officials, along with the servants, and sent them to Dionysius, thinking to earn his gratitude thereby. At that moment Dionysius was entertaining the leading citizens at a sumptuous party; a flute was just beginning to play, and voices were raised in song. At that point the letter was handed to him.

> From Bias, Chief Magistrate of Priene,[72] to his benefactor Dionysius. Greetings! Gifts and letters being sent to you by Mithridates, the Governor of Caria, were being damaged by worthless slaves, whom I have seized and sent on to you.

Dionysius read this letter in the middle of the party and preened himself on the royal gifts. Then he ordered the seals to be broken and set about reading the letters. So he saw the words "From Chaereas to Callirhoe. I am alive." "His legs and heart gave way"; then darkness spread over his eyes. But even as he fainted, he kept hold of the letters—he was afraid someone else might read them. People bustled about him; he came to his senses, realized what had happened to him, and told his servants to carry him to another room—he wanted peace and quiet, he said. The party broke up in dismay—people imagined Dionysius had had a stroke; left to himself, Dionysius read the letters over and over again. He was gripped by emotions of all sorts—anger, despair, fear, disbelief. As for Chaereas being alive, that he did not believe (it was the last thing he wanted). It was rather an excuse for procuring adultery, he suspected, on the part of Mithridates, who was trying to seduce Callirhoe by encouraging her to think she could recover Chaereas.

72. One of the "Seven Wise Men" of antiquity was a Bias of Priene.

The next day he kept his wife under careful surveillance, to make sure 6
no one approached her or told her anything of the news from Caria. For himself, he thought of the following way of defending his interests. At just that time Pharnaces, the governor of Lydia and Ionia, was on a visit there; he was considered the most important of the governors appointed by the King over the coastal regions. Dionysius went to him—he was a personal friend—and asked for a private interview. "Sir," he said, "please help me and yourself. Mithridates, who is a wretched villain and jealous of you, was my guest; now he is trying to destroy my marriage—he has sent letters to my wife, along with money, to provoke her to adultery." Then he read the letters and explained Mithridates' design. Pharnaces was glad to hear his story—partly on Mithridates' account, no doubt, since their proximity had several times caused friction between them, but mainly because of his passion. For he too was ardently in love with Callirhoe; it was on her account that he kept on visiting Miletus and inviting Dionysius to banquets, along with his wife. So he promised to help him as much as he could and wrote a confidential letter.

> Pharnaces, the Satrap of Lydia and Ionia, sends greetings to his Master Artaxerxes, the King of Kings. Dionysius of Miletus is your slave, like his ancestors before him, and a loyal and zealous friend to your house. He has complained to me that Mithridates, governor of Caria, who has been his guest, is trying to seduce his wife. This is bringing great discredit on your government—in fact it is causing disturbance; any improper behavior in a satrap is reprehensible, but this is particularly so. Dionysius is the most powerful of the Ionians, and his wife's beauty is celebrated, so this outrageous behavior cannot escape notice.

When this letter arrived, the King read it to his friends and discussed with them what to do. Different views were expressed. Those who were envious of Mithridates or coveted his satrapy thought that a design on the wife of a man of distinction should not be overlooked. The more phlegmatic among them, and those who respected Mithridates—and they were numerous and highly placed—did not like the idea of ruining a respected man on the basis of a report of misbehavior. Opinions were evenly balanced; the King made no decision that day and postponed the inquiry. When night came, a feeling of righteous repugnance came over him, as he kept in mind the dignity of his royal position, but he was moved also by caution as he considered the future—this could encourage Mithridates to treat him with disrespect. So he was moved to summon him to trial. But a different sentiment urged him to send for the beautiful woman as well; in his solitary state, wine and darkness played on the

King's mind and reminded him of that part of the letter too. In addition, he was excited by the rumor that someone by the name of Callirhoe was the most beautiful woman in Ionia; the only reproach the King had to make against Pharnaces was that in his letter he had not added the woman's name. Still, on the chance that another woman might turn out to be even more beautiful than the one so much talked about, he decided to summon the wife as well. He wrote to Pharnaces, "Send my slave, Dionysius of Miletus"; and to Mithridates, "Come and defend yourself on the charge of plotting to destroy Dionysius's marriage."

7 Mithridates was astonished and could not imagine what had given rise to this accusation. Then Hyginus returned and reported the incident with the servants. So Mithridates, now that he had been betrayed by the letters, began to turn over in his mind the idea of not going up to court; he was afraid of animosity against him and of the King's anger. Rather, he would seize Miletus, kill Dionysius, the cause of his troubles, carry off Callirhoe, and revolt from the King. "Why rush," he said to himself, "to surrender your liberty to your master? If you stay where you are, you may even end up on top. The King is a long way away, and his generals are incompetent; besides, even if he does mark you down for destruction, nothing worse can happen to you. In the meantime, don't give up the two greatest blessings, love and power: authority is a glorious winding-sheet, and with Callirhoe beside you death would be sweet." Even as he was turning these thoughts over in his mind and getting ready to revolt, a message reached him that Dionysius had set out from Miletus and had Callirhoe with him. This news caused Mithridates more pain than the order summoning him to trial. He wept bitterly over his own misfortune. "What have I to hope for now if I stay here?" he asked himself. "Fortune is playing me false at every turn. After all, perhaps the King will take pity on me—I have not done anything wrong; and if I am to die, I shall see Callirhoe again. And in the trial I shall have Chaereas with me, and Polycharmus—they will speak for me and prove that I am telling the truth too." So he ordered all his household to follow him and set out from Caria. He was in good heart, because he did not expect to be convicted of any wrongdoing, so he was escorted at his departure not with tears at all but with sacrifice and festive procession. Now as Eros was dispatching this procession from Caria, another left Ionia—more distinguished, for it contained more conspicuous and regal beauty. Rumor sped ahead of the lady, announcing to all the world that Callirhoe was at hand: the celebrated Callirhoe, nature's masterpiece, "like Artemis or golden Aphrodite."[73] The report of the trial increased her fame still

73. *Odyssey* 17.37 and 19.54 (of Penelope).

further. Whole cities came to meet her; people flocked in and packed the streets to see her; and all thought her still lovelier than report had made her out. The felicitations Dionysius received caused him distress, and the extent of his good fortune only increased his fears, for he was an educated man and was aware how inconstant Love is—that is why poets and sculptors depict him with bow and arrows and associate him with fire, the most insubstantial, mutable of attributes. He began to recollect ancient legends and all the changes that had come over their beautiful women. In short, Dionysius was frightened of everything. He saw all men as his rivals—not just his opponent in the trial, but the very judge; he ended up, in fact, wishing he had never rashly revealed the affair to Pharnaces,

when he could have slept and kept his loved one.[74]

Keeping watch over Callirhoe in Miletus was one thing; in the whole of Asia, it was another matter. Nonetheless, he kept his secret to the end; he did not tell his wife the reason for the journey but pretended that the King had summoned him to consult him about affairs in Ionia. Callirhoe was distressed to be taken far from the Greek sea; as long as she could see the harbors of Miletus, she had the impression that Syracuse was not far away; and Chaereas's tomb in Miletus was a great comfort to her.

Book Five

How Callirhoe, the most beautiful of women, married Chaereas, the handsomest of men, by Aphrodite's management; how in a fit of lover's jealousy Chaereas struck her, and to all appearances she died; how she had a costly funeral and then, just as she came out of her coma in the funeral vault, tomb robbers carried her away from Sicily by night, sailed to Ionia, and sold her to Dionysius; Dionysius's love for her, her fidelity to Chaereas, the need to marry caused by her pregnancy; Theron's confession, Chaereas's journey across the sea in search of his wife; how he was captured, sold, and taken to Caria with his friend Polycharmus; how Mithridates discovered his identity as he was on the point of death and tried to restore the lovers to each other; how Dionysius found this out through a letter and complained to Pharnaces, who reported it to the King, and the King summoned both of them to judgment—this has all been set out in the story so far. Now I shall describe what happened next. 1

As far as Syria and Cilicia, then, Callirhoe found her journey easy to bear: she heard Greek spoken; she could see the sea that led to Syra-

74. A line from Menander's play *Misoumenos*.

cuse.[75] But when she reached the Euphrates, beyond which there is a vast stretch of unending land—it is the threshold of the King's great empire—then longing for her country and family welled up in her, and she despaired of ever returning. She stood on the bank of the river, told everyone to leave her except Plangon, the only person she could trust, and began to speak. "Malicious Fortune! Insistently attacking a lone woman! You shut me up alive in a tomb, then let me out—not from pity, but to hand me over to pirates! The sea and Theron, between them, brought me into exile; I, the daughter of Hermocrates, was sold as a slave; and harder for me to bear than having none to love me, I aroused a man's love, and so, while Chaereas was still alive, married another. And now you grudge me even this. Now it is not Ionia where you keep me exiled; the land you allotted me up to now was admittedly a foreign country, but it was Greek, and there I could take great comfort in the thought that I was living by the sea. Now you are hurling me from my familiar world—I am at the other end of the earth from my own country. This time it is Miletus you have taken from me; before, it was Syracuse. I am being taken beyond the Euphrates, shut up in the depths of barbarian lands where the sea is far away—I, an island woman! What ship can I hope will come sailing after me from Sicily now? I am even being torn from your tomb, Chaereas; who shall pour libations over you, benevolent spirit?[76] Bactra and Susa[77] are my home from now on, and my tomb. Once only, Euphrates, am I going to cross you—it is not the length of the journey that frightens me, but the fear that there too someone will think me beautiful!" With these words she kissed the ground, stepped on board the ferry, and crossed the river. Now Dionysius's own entourage was large, as he wanted to make an impressive show of his wealth to his wife, but the attentions of the local people made their progress even more royal. One community escorted them to the next; one satrap gave them into the care of his neighbor; her beauty won all hearts. The Persians were encouraged too by the expectation that this woman would acquire great power, so they all eagerly offered gifts or tried in some way to secure her goodwill for the future.

2 That was how things were on their side. Mithridates, for his part, took the route through Armenia and traveled more energetically, mostly because he was afraid the King might hold it against him if he followed in Callirhoe's footsteps, but also because he was anxious to get there first and prepare for the trial. When he reached Babylon, then (that was

75. Cilicia is the coastal area in the southeast of Asia Minor, bordering on Syria; there were Greek settlements all along the coast.

76. This looks like a reflection of the Latin term *di manes,* "spirits of the departed."

77. Two of the major cities of the Persian Empire. Bactra was the chief city of Bactria (northern Afghanistan); Susa, to the west of Babylon, was the location of one of the royal residences.

where the King was staying), he spent that day quietly in his own quarters—all the satraps have residences set aside for them. The next day he went to the palace and greeted the Persian peers. Then he paid his respects to the eunuch Artaxates, the greatest and most powerful man at court, offering him gifts, and said, "Inform the King that his slave Mithridates has come to refute the slanderous charge of a Greek and to do homage." The eunuch soon returned from the King's presence and said: "It is the King's hope that Mithridates is innocent. He will pass judgment when Dionysius too arrives." So Mithridates made his obeisance and left. When he was by himself, he called Chaereas and said to him: "I am being put on trial. Because I tried to restore Callirhoe to you I am being accused of a crime. That letter you wrote to your wife—Dionysius says I am the author of it, and thinks he can prove I am trying to seduce his wife. He is convinced you are dead. Well, let him remain convinced until the trial; you can appear out of the blue. I ask you, in recognition of my generosity to you, to stay in hiding; steel yourself not to see Callirhoe and not to ask about her." Much against his will Chaereas accepted this. For all his efforts to avoid notice, tears ran down his cheeks. "Sir," he said, "I will do as you bid me"; and he went off to the room where he was staying along with his friend Polycharmus, threw himself on the ground, tore his clothing, and

> with both hands he took dark dust and poured it over his head, defiling his lovely countenance.

"Callirhoe," he sobbed, "we are so close and may not see each other! It is not your fault—you do not know that Chaereas is alive. It is I who am the most godless man on earth. I am forbidden to look at you—and coward that I am, so enamored of life, I submit to such gross tyranny! If *you* had had such an order, you would not have chosen to live!"

Well, Polycharmus tried to console him; but by now Dionysius too was near Babylon, and Rumor was overrunning the city in anticipation, proclaiming to all the imminent arrival of a woman of superhuman, divine beauty, such as did not exist anywhere else under the sun. Barbarians are naturally passionately fond of women, so every house, every alley was filled with report of her beauty. The reports reached the King himself, and he actually asked the eunuch Artaxates whether the woman from Miletus had arrived. As for Dionysius, he had long been troubled by his wife's celebrity—it made him feel insecure. Now that he was on the point of entering Babylon, he burned still more with anxiety. With a sigh he said to himself: "Dionysius, this is no longer your own city, Miletus—and even there you were constantly on the alert for plots against you. Rash, shortsighted man—bring Callirhoe to Babylon, which is full of men like Mithridates? Menelaus could not keep Helen in security in virtuous Sparta. King though he was, a barbarian shepherd

supplanted him; and there is many a Paris among the Persians. Can you not see the dangers? Can you not see them already coming upon you? We are welcomed by cities, entertained by satraps. She has already grown more proud, and the King has not yet seen her. Clearly my only hope of security lies in smuggling her into the city. She will be safe if I can keep her out of sight." On coming to that conclusion he mounted his horse but left Callirhoe in the carriage and closed the curtains. And perhaps he would have succeeded in his aim if events had not taken the following turn.

3 The wives of the most eminent Persians went to the King's wife, Statira, and one of them said: "Madam, a Greek female is attacking our households. Everybody has been admiring her beauty for some time; now that we are involved, the reputation of Persian women is at risk. So we should consider how to prevent this foreign woman from scoring over us." The queen laughed; she did not believe the rumors. "Greeks are boastful, impoverished creatures," she said. "That is why they are so easily impressed. They claim that Callirhoe is beautiful as they claim that Dionysius is rich. Rest assured—when she arrives, let just one of us appear in her company and that will put this wretched slave woman in the shade." They all made an obeisance to the Queen and voiced due admiration of her judgment. At first they cried out as with one voice, "If only you could show yourself, Madam!" After that, different views were expressed as they put forward the names of the women most admired for their beauty. A vote was taken, as in a civic assembly,[78] and the first choice was Rhodogune, the daughter of Zopyrus and wife of Megabyzus and a celebrated beauty; what Callirhoe was to Ionia, she was to Asia. The women took her and dressed her up, each of them contributing something of her own to her adornment; the Queen too gave her bracelets and a necklace.

So when they had enhanced her beauty for this meeting with her rival, she appeared on the scene, ostensibly to receive Callirhoe—there were suitable grounds for this in that she was the sister of Pharnaces, the man who had written to the King about Dionysius. All Babylon poured out to see the spectacle; the people crowded round the city gates. Rhodogune, royally escorted, took up her position in full public view. She stood there luxuriating in her beauty, as if challenging comparison; everyone gazed at her, and as they gazed, they said to each other; "We have won! Our Persian will outshine that foreign woman! Let her stand the comparison if she can! Let Greeks learn that they are mere braggarts!" At this point Dionysius arrived. When he was told that Pharnaces' relative was there, he leapt down from his horse and approached her in friendly

78. Literally "in a theater"; but what that meant in Hellenistic times was "in the assembly," which was held in the theater.

greeting. She blushed. "I want to welcome my sister," she said; and as she spoke, she moved towards the carriage.

It was impossible for Callirhoe to stay hidden any longer. Against his will, and groaning to himself at this embarrassment, Dionysius asked Callirhoe to step forward. Now everyone strained their eyes, indeed their very souls, almost falling over each other in their desire each to be the first to see and to get as close as possible. Callirhoe's countenance shone forth in splendor; a dazzling light fell on everyone's eyes, as if bright daylight had suddenly blazed out at dead of night. The Persian people were awestruck and fell to the ground in homage to her; they all acted as if Rhodogune were not there. Even Rhodogune realized she had been worsted. Unable to leave, but unwilling to be looked at, she entered the carriage with Callirhoe, surrendering to her superior. So the carriage moved on with curtains drawn; and the crowd, unable now to see Callirhoe, kissed the wagon.[79] When the King heard that Dionysius had arrived, he ordered his eunuch Artaxates to convey the following message to him: "Since you are bringing an accusation against a man entrusted with high office, you should not have traveled so slowly; but I am setting aside that charge since you were traveling with a woman. I am at present conducting a religious festival and am busy with the ceremonies. I shall hear the case thirty days from now." Dionysius made obeisance and left.

So both sides began to prepare for the trial as if it were the greatest of 4
wars. The Persian population was divided. The satraps and their parties sided with Mithridates—he was originally from Bactra and had only moved to Caria later. The ordinary people sympathized with Dionysius: they thought he had been treated badly and unlawfully in that an attempt had been made to seduce his wife—and what a wife! That was the most important thing! Nor was the Persian women's side unaffected; there too, sympathies were divided. Those among them who prided themselves on their beauty were jealous of Callirhoe and hoped the trial would result in some harm to her reputation; but the ordinary women, out of ill feeling to these local beauties, joined in praying that the foreign woman's standing would be enhanced. Each of the two men thought victory was in his grasp. Dionysius's confidence reposed in the letter Mithridates had written to Callirhoe in Chaereas's name (he never expected Chaereas to be living). Mithridates, since he could produce Chaereas, was convinced that he could not be convicted; but he pre-

79. The kissing gesture is perhaps not so much romantic as religious in nature, like *proskynesis* ("kowtowing"). The episode does, however, recall a more romantically intended kiss bestowed on a carriage by Abradates' wife, Panthea, in Xenophon *Cyropaedia* 6.4.9ff. (in the whole account of this Persian episode in the present story there are a number of echoes of this work of Xenophon and also of his *Anabasis*).

tended to be afraid and consulted advocates, to enhance the effect of his defense by the element of surprise. For the thirty days ordained, men and women alike in Persia talked of nothing but this trial; if the truth be told, Babylon was nothing but a law court. Everyone found the appointed interval too long, including the King himself. What Olympic Games, what Eleusinian nights[80] ever promised such passionate interest?

When the appointed day came, the King took his seat. There is a special room in the palace which is designated as a law court, an unusually big and beautiful room. In the middle stands the King's throne; on each side are places for the King's friends, those who in rank and ability count among the very first in the land. Around the throne stand captains and commanders and the most distinguished of the King's freedmen—one could well say of such an assembly,

The gods, sitting at Zeus's side, held debate.[81]

Those involved in the case are brought in in silence and trepidation. Well, on this occasion Mithridates was the first to appear, early in the morning; he was escorted by his friends and relatives, and was far from bright and cheerful in appearance, but rather, as befitted a man under examination, pathetic to behold. Dionysius followed; he was dressed in Greek style, wearing a Milesian robe, and had the letters in his hand. Once in court they made their obeisance. Then the King ordered the clerk of the court to read out the letters—that of Pharnaces and his own reply—so that his fellow judges should know how the matter had come to court. When his letter was read out there was a great burst of applause—people approved the King's moderation and sense of justice. When silence was restored Dionysius, as the plaintiff, was due to speak first. All were looking to him when Mithridates said: "Sir, I am not trying to put my own case out of turn, but I know the proper disposition of affairs. Everyone necessary to the trial should be present before the speeches begin. Where, then, is the woman the case is about? You judged her necessary because of the letter; you wrote that she should be present; and she is present. So Dionysius should not conceal the main element and cause of the whole affair." Dionysius replied as follows. "This is another proof of adulterous intention—trying to expose another man's wife to public view against her husband's wishes, when she herself is neither plaintiff nor defendant. Now if she had actually been compromised, she would be under examination and would have to appear. In fact she knew nothing of your designs on her, and I am not calling my wife either as

80. The reference is to the very famous annual celebration of the mysteries of Demeter at Eleusis, near Athens.

81. *Iliad* 4.1 (the gods debating the fate of Troy).

witness or to assist me in my case. So why should she have to appear? She has no part in the case." Dionysius's argument was legally a good one but was not likely to carry weight with anyone—everybody was desperately eager to see Callirhoe. The King, however, was embarrassed about giving a direct order, so his friends found a plausible justification in the letter he had written: she had been summoned as being essential to the proceedings. "Why," they said, "it would be ridiculous for her to come all the way from Ionia and then when she is in Babylon to stay in the background!" It was decided, then, that Callirhoe should also appear in court. But Dionysius had so far told her nothing; all the way he had concealed the reason for this journey to Babylon. So now he was afraid to bring her into court without warning, when she did not know what was happening—she would probably be angry at having been misled; and he asked for the case to be postponed to the next day.

In this way, then, the session broke up. When he returned home 5
Dionysius, like the sensible, educated man he was, spoke to his wife in the most convincing way possible in the circumstances, explaining everything tactfully and gently. For all that, Callirhoe could not refrain from weeping as she heard the story. At the mention of Chaereas she burst into a flood of tears and spoke bitter words about this trial. "Oh," she cried, "that was all I needed, in my misfortunes—to be taken to court! I have died and been buried; I have been stolen from my tomb; I have been sold into slavery—and now, Fortune, on top of that I find myself on trial! You were not satisfied with traducing me to Chaereas; you have led Dionysius to suspect me of adultery! The first time, your slander led me to the tomb; now it brings me to the royal court of justice! Asia and Europe tell tales about me! How can I face my judge? What must I hear said about me? Treacherous beauty, given to me by Nature for one purpose only—that I be overwhelmed by slanders against me![82] Hermocrates' daughter is on trial and does not have her father to defend her! When other people go into court, they pray for goodwill and kindness; what I am afraid of is finding favor with the judge!"

She spent the whole day lamenting despondently to herself like this; Dionysius was in even worse state. When it came night, she had a dream: she saw herself in Syracuse entering Aphrodite's shrine, still a maiden; then returning from there and seeing Chaereas and her wedding day. She saw Syracuse all decked out with garlands and herself being escorted by her father and mother to the bridegroom's house. She was on the point of embracing Chaereas when she suddenly started up from her dream. She called Plangon—Dionysius had got up before her, to rehearse for the trial—and told her about the dream. Plangon replied: "Take courage,

82. There is a textual problem here; I give the apparent general sense.

madam—you should be glad! That is a good dream that you have had; you will be freed from all your worries; what you dreamed is what will happen in reality. Go off to the King's courtroom as if it were Aphrodite's temple; recall your real self and recover the beauty you had on your wedding day." As she was speaking, she began to dress Callirhoe and make her beautiful; and Callirhoe instinctively felt cheerful, as if divining what was to come.

Well, the next morning the crowd milled around the palace; the streets were packed, overflowing the city. Everybody was crowding together, ostensibly to hear the trial but in fact to see Callirhoe; and Callirhoe surpassed herself in beauty as much as she had earlier surpassed the other women. So she entered the courtroom looking like Helen when the divine Homer describes her as appearing among the elders

around Priam and Panthous and Thymoetes.[83]

Her appearance produced stunned astonishment and silence;

everyone prayed to lie in bed beside her.

If Mithridates had had to speak first, he would have been unable to utter a word; it was as if, on top of the wound he had already received at Love's hand, he had now been struck another blow even more violent than his original passion.

6 Dionysius began his speech as follows. "Sir, I am grateful to you for according respect to me, to virtuous behavior, and to the institution of marriage. You would not allow a private individual to be the victim of a governor's intriguing; you summoned him here in order to punish wanton and arrogant behavior as it has affected me, and to forestall it as it may affect others. And the offense deserves punishment all the heavier for the culprit's being who he is: it is Mithridates—not my enemy, but my guest and my friend—who has designs against me. And he aims not just at some other of my possessions but at what is more precious to me than body and soul: my wife. This is a man who, had anyone else offended against me, ought himself to have come to my assistance—if not for my sake, who am his friend, then for your sake, who are the King; for you put in his hands the highest office; in proving unworthy of it he has brought shame on—nay, he has betrayed—him who entrusted him with that office. I am well aware that I cannot rival Mithridates in groveling or in the power and resources he is deploying in this suit. But I have confidence in your justice, sir, and in the institution of marriage, and in the law, whose integrity you preserve for all alike. If you are go-

83. *Iliad* 3.146; the following quotation, from *Odyssey* 1.366 and 18.213, refers to Penelope and her suitors.

ing to acquit him, it would have been much better never to summon him here in the first place; because in that case all would have been in fear and trembling, knowing that wanton behavior would be punished if brought to judgment. But now people who are brought to judgment and not punished will feel contempt.

"My case is clear and brief. I am the husband of Callirhoe here present, and already a father by her. She was not a virgin when I married her; she had been married before, to a man called Chaereas, long since dead—in fact his tomb is in Miletus. Now, Mithridates came to Miletus and saw my wife in the course of normal hospitality. Thereafter he behaved neither as a friend nor as a man of restraint and decency such as you require in those entrusted with the government of your cities. Rather, he showed himself wanton and lawless. Knowing my wife to be chaste and loyal to her husband, he judged her impervious to words or gifts, and he devised what he thought would be a very convincing means of advancing his designs. What he did was pretend that her former husband, Chaereas, was alive; he forged a letter in his name and sent it to Callirhoe by means of slaves. But Fortune appointed a king worthy of the name,[84] and the providence of the other gods brought the letters to light. Bias, the governor of Priene, sent the slaves and letters to me; I discovered the plot and reported it to Pharnaces, the satrap of Lydia; and he reported it to you.

"I have told you the story of the matter you are judging. My argument is incontrovertible: either Chaereas is alive or Mithridates is guilty of adulterous intent—no other conclusion is possible. He cannot even say he did not know Chaereas was dead; he was in Miletus when we erected his tomb; he joined us in mourning him. No, when Mithridates wants to commit adultery, he resuscitates the dead! I close by reading the letter he sent by his own slaves to Miletus from Caria. Take it and read it.[85] 'From Chaereas ... I am alive.' If Mithridates can prove that, he should be acquitted. But think, sir, what a shameless adulterer it is who even tells lies about a dead man!"

Dionysius's speech aroused his audience; they were on his side at once. The King was moved to anger and looked at Mithridates in a threatening, ominous way. Well, Mithridates showed no sign of distress. 7
"Sir," he said, "you are a just, humane man; I beg you not to condemn me before you have heard the arguments on both sides. Do not let a mere Greek who has craftily put together a tissue of slanderous lies about

84. The text here is corrupt, probably incurably. The translation may give the approximate sense; another possibility is that Dionysius is attributing the King's sense of justice to his (the King's) "fortune," or guardian spirit.

85. Chariton is again following real legal procedure: the text of such a document would be read aloud (by a court official—Dionysius's injunction is not addressed to the King himself) but would not appear in the published speech.

me carry more conviction for you than the truth. I realize that the woman's beauty contributes heavily to directing suspicion against me, since no one would find it surprising that a man should try to seduce Callirhoe. But I have always lived a respectable life; this is the first charge that has ever been laid against me. But even if I were a dissolute, licentious man, I should have been reformed by your entrusting me with the government of so many cities. Who could be so foolish as to deprive himself of such blessings, by his own choice, in favor of a solitary pleasure—a disgraceful pleasure at that? And after all, even if I were conscious of misconducting myself, I could in fact have raised legal objection to the suit;[86] Dionysius's accusation is not based on a legally valid marriage—his wife was offered for sale, and he bought her; and the law against adultery does not apply to slaves. He will have to read you the title of emancipation before he can talk of marriage. Are you actually calling her your wife—a woman sold to you by a pirate, Theron—who had snatched her from a tomb at that? 'Ah, but,' he will say, 'it was a freeborn woman that I bought.' Then you have kidnapped her, not married her.

"But I will answer your charges as though you were her husband. Consider the purchase a marriage; consider the price you paid for her a dowry. She is a Syracusan, but for today let her count as Milesian. I shall demonstrate, sir, that I have committed no crime against Dionysius either as her husband or as her owner. To start with, he accuses me of an act of adultery that has not taken place, but according to him was intended to take place. Being unable to quote facts, he reads out letters devoid of content. But what the law punishes is deeds. You produce a letter. I could say: 'I did not write it. That is not my writing. It is Chaereas who is trying to find Callirhoe—he is the one you should be bringing to court.' 'Ah yes,' he will say, 'but Chaereas is dead. It is you who used a dead man's name to try to seduce my wife.' Dionysius, you are throwing down a challenge to me. It is not at all in your interest. I swear to you—I am your friend, I am bound to you by ties of hospitality. Retract this charge; it is in your interest to do so. Ask the King to dismiss the case. Recant; say, 'Mithridates is not guilty—my accusation was irresponsible.' If you persist, you will regret it; you will be condemning yourself. I am warning you: you will lose Callirhoe! The King will find you the adulterer, not me!"

After this speech he fell silent. Everybody looked at Dionysius to see whether he would withdraw the charge, now that he had been given the choice, or persist in it. They had no idea what these mysterious words of

86. The legal objection would be a *paragraphe,* "demurrer," contesting the legal validity of the plaintiff's case. Throughout this episode Chariton is using his technical knowledge of precedure to produce a realistic effect.

Mithridates meant, but they supposed Dionysius did know. He did not. It never occurred to him that Chaereas could be alive. His response was: "Say what you will, you will not fool me with your clever arguments and plausible-sounding threats. Dionysius will never be shown to be fabricating accusations."

"Taking up from there,"[87] Mithridates raised his voice, and as if in a divinely inspired frenzy, called out: "Royal gods, gods of heaven and underworld, help a virtuous man! I have often prayed to you in proper observance and offered you magnificent sacrifices; reward me for my piety, falsely accused as I am! Accord me Chaereas, be it only for this trial! Appear, noble spirit! Your Callirhoe summons you! Stand between the two of us, myself and Dionysius, and tell the King which of us is the adulterer!"

While he was still speaking—that is how they had arranged things— 8
Chaereas himself stepped forward. When she saw him, Callirhoe cried out, "Chaereas! Are you alive?" and made to run to him. But Dionysius held her back, blocked the way, and would not let them embrace. Who could fitly describe that scene in court? What dramatist ever staged such an astonishing story? It was like being at a play packed with passionate scenes, with emotions tumbling over each other—weeping and rejoicing, astonishment and pity, disbelief and prayers. How happy all were for Chaereas! How glad for Mithridates! For Dionysius, how sorrowful! As for Callirhoe, they did not know what to think. She was in total confusion and stood there unable to utter a word—she could only gaze wide-eyed at Chaereas. I think the King himself, at that moment, would have liked to be Chaereas. When men are rivals for a woman's love, they are always easily provoked to violence. In this case, the sight of the prize made them even readier to fight; but for the King's presence they would have come to blows. But they limited themselves to words. "I am her first husband," said Chaereas. "And I am a more reliable one," replied Dionysius. "Did I put away my wife?" "No, you buried her." "Show me the divorce papers!" "You can see her tomb." "Her father married her to me." "She married me herself." "You aren't fit for Hermocrates' daughter!" "You're even less fit—Mithridates had you in chains!" "I demand Callirhoe back!" "And I am keeping her!" "You're laying hands on another man's wife!" "And you killed your own!" "Adulterer!" "Murderer!" Such was their argument—and the audience enjoyed it. Callirhoe stood there with her eyes cast down, crying: she loved Chaereas; she respected Dionysius. The King dismissed everyone and discussed the matter with his friends. He was not now considering Mithridates' case—he had produced a brilliant defense; the question now was whether he

87. A Homeric tag (*Odyssey* 8.500) that Chariton uses elsewhere too.

should arbitrate about Callirhoe. Some held that that was not a matter for the King to decide. "You were quite right to hear the charge against Mithridates—he was a satrap"; but the people involved now were all private individuals. But the majority advised the opposite course, partly on the grounds that Callirhoe's father had done the royal household no little service, and also because this was not a separate case that he was bringing to his court, but virtually part of the case already before him. They did not want to admit the real reason—that they could not tear themselves from the sight of Callirhoe's beauty. So he recalled those he had dismissed. "I acquit Mithridates," he said. "Tomorrow he shall receive gifts from me, and he is to return to his own satrapy. Chaereas and Dionysius are each to set out their claims to the woman, because I must make proper provision for the daughter of Hermocrates, who defeated the Athenians, my and Persia's worst enemy." On pronunciation of this decision Mithridates made an obeisance, but the others found themselves quite at a loss. The King saw their perplexity. "I am not hurring you," he said. "I will give you the chance to make your preparations before you come for the trial. I grant you an interval of five days. During that time my wife Statira will look after Callirhoe. It would be wrong for her to appear for trial in the company of a husband when the purpose of the trial is to determine who *is* her husband." So they left the courtroom. Everybody else was downcast; only Mithridates was smiling. He collected his gifts, stayed that night, and set out for Caria the next morning, more radiant than ever.

9 As for Callirhoe, eunuchs took charge of her and brought her to the Queen, without any advance warning—when the King sends, no announcement is made. Seeing her so suddenly, Statira jumped up from her couch; she thought it was an apparition of Aphrodite, to whom she was especially devoted. But Callirhoe made an obeisance. The eunuch perceived Statira's astonishment, "This is Callirhoe," he said. "The King has sent her for you to look after until the trial." Statira was delighted to hear this. She set aside all the jealousy a woman might feel, and her goodwill towards Callirhoe was increased by the honor done to her—she was proud to have Callirhoe entrusted to her. She took her by the hand and said: "Don't cry, my dear—you have nothing to worry about. The King is a good man. You will have the husband you want; you will celebrate your wedding with greater honor after the judgment. Go and rest now. I can see that you are worn out and still distressed." Her words were welcome to Callirhoe, who was longing for peace and quiet. When she had lain down, and they had left her to herself to rest, she touched her eyes. "Have you really seen Chaereas?" she said. "Was that my Chaereas? Or is that too an illusion? Perhaps Mithridates called up a spirit for the trial; they say there are magicians in Persia. But he actually

spoke—everything he said showed he knew the situation. Then how could he bear not to embrace me? We parted without even a kiss!" As she was communing with herself in this fashion, the sound of footsteps could be heard, and the loud cries of women; they were all hurrying to the Queen, thinking it a splendid opportunity to see Callirhoe. But Statira said: "We should let her be; she is indisposed. We have four days to see her, and to listen to her and talk to her as well." They left, sadly, and came early the next day; and they eagerly repeated the process every day—the palace filled up with people. The King, too, visited the women more frequently, ostensibly to see Statira. Expensive gifts were sent to Callirhoe; she refused all of them and maintained her appearance of a woman oppressed by misfortune, sitting there dressed in black and unadorned; but that only made her look more striking. When the Queen asked her which man she wanted as her husband, she made no answer but burst into tears.

This, then, was Callirhoe's situation. As for Dionysius, he tried to endure what was happening to him in a spirit of nobility, drawing on his natural stability of character and his disciplined good breeding. But the unbelievable disaster that had befallen him might have driven even the bravest man out of his mind, for he was more ardently in love than he had been in Miletus. When his passion first began, it was just her beauty he was in love with, but by now much else was contributing to that love: familiarity, the blessing of children, her lack of gratitude, his jealousy, and above everything the unexpectedness of it all.

Suddenly he began to cry repeatedly: "What Protesilaus is this who 10
has come back to life to plague me?[88] What god of hell have I offended that I should find a rival in a dead man—dead, and buried on my land? Aphrodite, you have trapped me—me, who built you a temple on my estate, who sacrifice to you so often! Why did you show me Callirhoe, when you did not intend to let me keep her? Why did you make me a father when I am not even a husband?" Amid these lamentations he took his son in his arms. "Poor child!" he sobbed. "Until now I thought myself blessed by your birth; now it seems untimely! You are your mother's heritage to me, a memorial to my ill-fated love. Little child as you are, you are not wholly unaware of what your father is suffering. It was a disastrous journey; we should never have left Miletus; Babylon has been our ruin. I have lost the first case—Mithridates turned the accusation against me. But I am more afraid of the second. The risk is greater, and the way the case has begun has left me pessimistic: I have had my wife taken away from me without a trial; I am having to fight for my own wife with another man—and what is worse, I do not know whom Cal-

88. Protesilaus was the first Greek to be killed in the attack on Troy. His wife, Laodamia, grieved so much for him that he was allowed to return to life for some hours.

lirhoe prefers. But you can find out, my child—she is your mother. Go now and intercede for your father. Cry and kiss her and say, 'Mother, my father loves you!' but do not reproach her. What is that you are saying, pedagogue?[89] We are not allowed to enter the palace? What cruel tyranny—preventing a son from going to his mother to set out his father's claims!"

So Dionysius's time, right up to the trial, was spent trying to arbitrate the struggle between passion and reason. Meanwhile, Chaereas was in the grip of inconsolable grief. So he pretended to be ill and asked Polycharmus to accompany Mithridates, the benefactor of both of them. When he was alone he tied a noose, and as he was on the point of stepping up and putting his neck in it, he said: "I should be dying a happier death if I were ascending the cross set up for me by a false accusation when I was a prisoner in Caria, for I should be leaving this life under the delusion that Callirhoe loved me. As things are, I have lost not only life but that which would have consoled me for my death. Callirhoe saw me and did not come to me, did not embrace me; I was there, and she wanted to spare another man's feelings. She need not feel embarrassed; I will forestall the decision; I am not going to wait for an inglorious end. I know I am a negligible rival for Dionysius—foreigner that I am, poor, already estranged from you. Good fortune go with you, my wife! I call you wife, though you love another. I am leaving you; I will not disturb your marriage. Enjoy your wealth and luxury! Revel in Ionia's rich living! Have the husband you want! Now, as Chaereas is really dying, I beg one last favor of you, Callirhoe: when I die, approach my body and—if you can—shed a tear; that will mean more to me than immortality. Bend over my gravestone and say—even if your husband and child are watching—'You are gone now, Chaereas, gone for good; you are dead now: I was going to choose you in the King's court!' I shall hear you, my wife; perhaps I shall even believe you. The gods of the underworld will respect me the more for your action.

> Even if in Hades people forget the dead, even there I shall remember you, my dear."[90]

With such expressions of distress he kissed the noose. "You are my consolation, my advocate," he said. "I am the victor thanks to you; you show more affection for me than Callirhoe." As he was stepping up and

89. The child is here represented—perhaps merely rhetorically—as accompanied by a *paedagogus,* or male counterpart of a nanny or governess, as would befit a child of affluent parents.

90. *Iliad* 22.389–90 (an adaptation of Achilles' words about the dead Patroclus).

fitting his neck into the noose, his friend Polycharmus burst in; unable any longer to comfort him, he restrained him forcibly, out of his mind as he was.

And now the day appointed for the trial was upon them.

Book Six

The day before the King's intended decision as to whether Callirhoe was 1
to be Chaereas's wife or Dionysius's, all Babylon was up in the air about it. When talking to one another at home, and when they met in the streets, people said: "Tomorrow is Callirhoe's wedding day! Who is going to end up the lucky man?" The city was split in two. Those on Chaereas's side said: "He was her first husband; she was a virgin when he married her; he loved her, and she loved him. Her father gave her to him; her fatherland buried her. He did not abandon his wife and was not abandoned by her. Dionysius did not win her; he did not marry her; pirates sold her, but he could not buy a freeborn woman." Dionysius's supporters replied: "He rescued her from a crew of pirates when she was going to be murdered. He paid a talent to save her life. First he saved her, then he married her. When Chaereas married her, he killed her. Callirhoe should remember her marriage. And the biggest thing in favor of Dionysius's victory is the fact that they also share a child." That was what the men said. As for the women, they not only made speeches, they gave Callirhoe advice as if she were there. "Do not abandon your first husband," they said. "Choose the man who first loved you, your own countryman, so that you can see your father too; if you do not, you will live an exile in a foreign land." Those on the other side said: "Choose your benefactor, your savior, not the man who killed you. What if Chaereas has another fit of anger? Will that mean another burial? Do not betray your son! You should respect your child's father!" This is how you could hear people talking—you would have thought Babylon was one big courtroom!

The last night before the trial had arrived. The royal couple lay abed with different thoughts passing through their minds. The Queen was praying for the day to come more quickly so that she could put from her the burden of her charge—the woman's beauty could be compared with hers at close quarters, and that was a trial to her. Besides, she was suspicious of the King's frequent visits and unseasonable attentions. Up till now he had rarely entered the women's quarters, but ever since she had had Callirhoe there with her, he had been a constant visitor; and she repeatedly caught him glancing surreptitiously at Callirhoe, even when he was talking to her, his eyes wandering unconsciously in her direction as

he kept stealing a look at her. So Statira was looking forward to the next day with pleasure. But the King was not. He lay awake all night,

Lying now on his side, now on his back, now face down,[91]

preoccupied, saying to himself: "The moment of judgment has arrived; I was too hasty; I set too early a date. What am I going to do tomorrow? Callirhoe will soon be leaving for Miletus or Syracuse. Unhappy eyes! You have one hour left to enjoy that fairest of sights; and after that my slave will be happier than I! My soul, consider what you should do. Search within yourself; you have no one else to advise you; only Love can advise a lover. So first answer your own question, Who are you? Callirhoe's lover or her judge? Don't deceive yourself. Though you may not realize it, you are in love; it will be all the more evident when she is gone from your sight. Then why deliberately hurt yourself? The Sun, your ancestor, has chosen this creature specially for you, the fairest of all he surveys—and are you driving the god's gift away? Much I care for Chaereas and Dionysius—my humble slaves—to arbitrate their marriages! I, the Great King, acting as marriage broker like an old woman! But no, I was the one who took it on myself to judge this case, and everybody knows it. And above all I could not look Statira in the eye. Well, then, neither broadcast your love nor bring the trial to an end. It is enough for you just to see Callirhoe. Postpone your decision—even an ordinary judge can do that."

2 So when day dawned, the servants set about getting the royal courtroom ready; the crowds rushed to the palace, and all Babylon was in commotion. Just as you can see the competitors at Olympia arriving at the stadium escorted by a procession, so you could see these contestants. The Persian nobility escorted Dionysius; the people, Chaereas. The supporters of each sent up prayers and innumerable cries. "You are the better man!" they shouted in encouragement. "You are the winner!" But the prize was not a wreath of wild olive or fruit or pine, but supreme beauty, for which the gods themselves might fitly have contended. The King called the eunuch Artaxates, who was highly in favor with him, and said: "The royal gods have appeared to me in a dream and are demanding sacrifice. I must carry out my religious duty; that is my first obligation. So give the order for all of Asia to observe a sacred month of festival for thirty days; all lawsuits and business are to be set aside." The eunuch issued the order as he had been instructed, and immediately the whole country was full of people garlanded and offering sacrifice. There was the sound of the flute, of the syrinx piping, of people singing; incense burned in the entries of houses; every street held a banqueting party;

91. *Iliad* 24.10–11 (Achilles after Patroclus's death).

the savor rose to heaven, swirling in the smoke.[92]

The King set magnificent sacrifices by the altars. Then for the first time he sacrificed to Eros, and repeatedly called on Aphrodite to help him propitiate her son.

In this general rejoicing three people only were sad: Callirhoe, Dionysius, and above all Chaereas. Callirhoe could not show open distress in the royal palace, but secretly she sighed to herself under her breath, cursing the festival. As for Dionysius, it was himself he cursed, for leaving Miletus. "Miserable wretch," he said, "you will have to put up with this disaster—it is your own fault, it is you who are responsible for what is happening. You could have kept Callirhoe even though Chaereas was alive. You were master in Miletus—the letter would never even have reached Callirhoe against your will. Who would have seen it? Who would have had access to Callirhoe? But you rushed to throw yourself among your enemies! And if only it were just you—but it is a possession more precious to you than your life! That is why you find yourself attacked on all sides! What do you expect, you fool? You have Chaereas as your opponent in this trial, and you have made your lord and master your rival in love! Now the King is having dreams, on top of everything else; the gods he sacrifices to every day are demanding sacrifices from him! The shamelessness of it! Dragging out the trial while he has another man's wife in his palace! And a man like that claims to be a judge!" Such were Dionysius's complaints. But Chaereas would not touch food; he had lost all desire to live. His friend Polycharmus tried to stop him from committing suicide. "You pretend to be my friend," he said, "but you are my worst enemy: you are holding me down while I am tortured; you like to see me punished! If you were my friend you would not grudge me my liberty, persecuted as I am by some evil power! How many times have you destroyed my chance of happiness? I would have counted myself happy to be buried in Syracuse with Callirhoe when she was being buried—but then too you prevented me from killing myself and robbed me of her sweet company on the way to the tomb; indeed, perhaps she would not have left the tomb if it meant leaving my body behind. In any event, I should be lying there now; I should have been spared what followed—being sold, attacked by robbers, put in chains, crucified—and a king more cruel than the cross! How sweet death would have been after I heard that Callirhoe had married again! And again, what an opportunity you spoiled for me of doing away with myself after the trial! I saw Callirhoe and did not go to her, did not embrace her! It is unheard of; it passes belief—Chaereas on trial to determine whether he is Callirhoe's husband! And even this question—for what it is worth!—the malicious

92. *Iliad* 1.317.

deity will not allow to be decided. In dream and in reality alike, the gods hate me!" With these words he made to seize his sword; but Polycharmus managed to restrain him and watched him very closely, almost to the point of tying him up.

3 The King called the eunuch to him. He was his most trusted servant, but at first the King was embarrassed even with him. Artaxates saw that he was blushing deeply and had something to say. "Sir," he said, "what are you hiding from your slave? I am your friend, and I can hold my tongue. What is this terrible thing that has happened? I am worried in case some plot—" "A plot, yes,"[93] cried the King, "a massive plot—but laid by a god, not by human beings. I had heard what Love is like before now, in stories and poems; I had heard that he is master of all the gods, even of Zeus, but all the same I did not believe that anybody could be more powerful than me at my own court. But the god is upon me. Love has taken up residence in my heart, in his power and violence. It is hard to confess, but I am truly his prisoner." As he said this, he was overwhelmed by a flood of tears and could say nothing more. But despite his silence Artaxates knew at once the source of his wound. Even before this he had had his suspicions and had seen the fire smoldering; besides, it was clear beyond any shadow of doubt that with Callirhoe there he would not have fallen in love with anyone else. Still, he pretended not to know. "What beauty can overcome your heart, sir?" he said. "Everything beautiful is in thrall to you: gold, silver, clothing, horses, cities, peoples; you have countless beautiful women—why, Statira is the most beautiful woman under the sun, and she is yours alone to enjoy. When you can have whatever you want, that overthrows Love. Or has some goddess come down from heaven? Has a second Thetis risen up from the sea? For I am sure that even gods yearn for your society." "What you say may be true," replied the King. "This woman may indeed be a goddess—her beauty is superhuman. But she says she is not; she claims she is a Greek, from Syracuse. And that suggests she is deceiving us: she is trying to avoid being shown up, in not naming any city in my empire, but rather setting her story beyond the Ionian Sea, far across the ocean. She has come to attack me, under cover of a trial; she is the one who has stage-managed this whole drama. But I wonder how you can call Statira the most beautiful woman in the world when you can set your eyes on Callirhoe. Well, we must think of some way to rid me of my distress. Look everywhere to see if it is possible to find some remedy." "It exists already, Your Majesty," said Artaxates, "among Greeks and non-Greeks alike, this remedy you are looking for. The only remedy for Love is the loved one; that, after all, is what the famous oracle said—'He who hurt

93. The anacoluthon is probably genuine (I adopt Jackson's text), but there may be a longer lacuna.

shall heal.'"[94] The King was greatly embarrassed by what he said. "Don't suggest any such thing—that I should defile another man's wife!" he said. "I am mindful of the laws I myself established and the justice I practice among all men. Don't ascribe such lack of self-control to me! I am not as far gone as that." Artaxates was frightened; he felt he had spoken rashly, and changed his approach to words of praise. "These are truly noble thoughts, Your Majesty," he said. "Do not heal Love's wound as other men do. Apply another remedy, one worthy of a king: wrestle with yourself! For you—and you alone—can master even a god; divert your own mind, then, with pleasures of all kinds. You are extremely fond of hunting in particular—indeed, I know you can go without food or drink all day when you are hunting, you like it so much. Better to spend your time hunting than in the palace close to the fire."

The King accepted the suggestion, and a magnificent hunt was pro- 4
claimed. Horsemen rode out splendidly got up, Persian nobles and the pick of the army generally. Every one of them was a sight worth seeing, but the most spectacular was the King himself. He was riding a huge, magnificent Nisaean horse whose trappings—bit, cheekpieces, frontlet, breastpiece—were all of gold, and wearing a cloak of Tyrian purple, woven in Babylon, and his royal hat was dyed the color of the hyacinth; he had a golden sword at his waist and carried two spears, and slung about him were a quiver and bow of the costliest Chinese workmanship.[95] He was an impressive sight in the saddle—it is characteristic of Love to indulge in display. He wanted Callirhoe to see him surrounded by people; on his way out, throughout the entire city, he kept looking around to see whether she was perhaps watching the procession. Soon the mountains were full of people shouting and running, dogs barking, horses neighing, game fleeing. The excitement and the noise they were making would have driven Love himself out of his senses; delight was mixed with anguish, joy with fear, danger with enjoyment. But the King saw no horse, though so many horses were galloping alongside him; no animal, though so many were being pursued; he heard no dog, when so many were barking; no man, though all were shouting. All he could see was Callirhoe—who was not there; he could hear her, though she was not speaking. For Love had come out to hunt with him; he is a god who will have

94. In a skirmish on the journey to Troy Achilles wounded Telephus, king of Mysia. The wound would not heal, and the Delphic oracle told Telephus that "the one who wounded you will heal you." In the event Telephus was cured by rust from Achilles' spear.

95. Contact with China is attested from the latter part of the first century B.C.—the Greek word for "silk" is *serikon,* i.e., the product of the Seres, or Chinese. This description of the King's luxurious appearance and equipment is one of the very few examples of *ecphrasis*—descriptive writing—in Chariton (cf. the description of Tyre in 7.2 and of Persian mobilization in 6.8). Other novelists (Achilles Tatius, Heliodorus) revel in such word pictures. Artaxerxes' hat is the "tiara," worn only by the king; not a crown, but a conical felt hat not unlike a turban.

his own way, and when he saw someone opposing him with carefully planned resistance—as he thought—he turned his own devices against him, using the remedy itself to inflame his heart. Love entered the King's thoughts, whispering to him, "How wonderful it would be to see Callirhoe here, her tunic tucked up to her knees, her arms bared, face flushed, breast heaving, a very

> Artemis the archer as she moves on the mountain, high Taygetus or Erymanthus, delighting in boars and swift deer."[96]

Painting this scene in his imagination, the King burned with passion ...[97] When he said this, Artaxates replied; "Sir, you are forgetting what has happened. Callirhoe has no husband. The decision remains to be made as to whom she should marry. So remember that you are in love with a woman who has lost her husband. That means that you need not be afraid of breaking the law—the law applies to married people—or of committing adultery; because first there has to be a husband who would be the injured party—only then can there be an adulterer to commit the injury." The King approved this argument, because it tended to his pleasure. He put his arm round the eunuch and embraced him. "I am right to hold you in esteem beyond all others," he said. "You are the most well disposed to me; you protect me well. Go, then, and bring Callirhoe. But with two injunctions: do not bring her against her will and do not bring her openly. I want you to win her consent, and I do not want anyone to know about it." So at once the agreed signal was given for recalling the hunt, and everyone turned back. The King's hopes were exalted, and he rode into the palace in high spirits, as if he had caught the finest game. Artaxates was in high spirits too; he thought that he had undertaken a valuable service[98] and would be holding the reins at court from now on, since both would be grateful to him, especially Callirhoe. He judged that it would be an easy matter to handle; he was thinking like a eunuch, a slave, a barbarian. He did not know the spirit of a wellborn Greek—especially Callirhoe, chaste Callirhoe, who so loved her husband.

5 Well, he waited for the chance to approach her when she was by herself. "I have brought you a wealth of great benefits, lady," he said. "Do remember my services to you; I am sure you have a grateful nature." At his first words Callirhoe's heart filled with joy. Human beings are constituted to believe what they want to happen, so she thought she was about to be restored to Chaereas; she was eager to hear that and readily

96. *Odyssey* 6.102–4 (of Nausicaa).

97. There is a lacuna in the manuscript; evidently the King discussed Callirhoe with the eunuch Artaxates.

98. The sense is approximate; the manuscript appears to be defective at this point.

promised to reward the eunuch for his good news. He began again with a preliminary opening. "Lady," he said, "you have been blessed with divine beauty; but you have not gained any great benefit or distinction from it. Your name is known and famous all over the world; but up till now it has not got you a husband or lover worthy of you—it has lit on two men, one a poor islander, the other a slave of the King. What great or glorious benefit has come to you from them? What fertile land do you own? What costly jewels? What cities do you rule over? How many slaves bow down before you? Women in Babylon have servants who are wealthier than you. But you have not been completely forgotten. The gods are looking after you; and that is why they have brought you here—ostensibly for the trial—so that the Great King may see you. And this is your first piece of good news: it has given the King pleasure to see you. I remind him of this, too; I speak well of you to him." This, of course, was his own addition; any slave, when he is talking to someone about his master, will bring himself into the story in the hope of profiting personally from the conversation. Artaxates' words struck at Callirhoe's heart like a sword. She pretended not to understand. "May the gods continue gracious to the King," she said, "and he to you, for taking pity on an unfortunate woman. Let him release me all the sooner from my worry, I beg, by deciding the issue, so that I may no longer be a burden to the Queen either." The eunuch thought that he had not made his meaning plain and that Callirhoe had not understood; and now he spoke more clearly. "This is just where you are lucky," he said. "It is not slaves and poor men who are your lovers now, but the Great King—who can give Miletus itself to you as a present, and the whole of Ionia, and Sicily, and other nations greater than those. So make sacrifice to the gods and count yourself happy! Try to please him still more! And when you are rich, remember me." Callirhoe's first impulse was to dig her nails into the eyes of this would-be pimp and tear them out if she could; but being a well-brought-up and sensible woman, she quickly remembered where she was, who she was, and who it was who was talking to her. She controlled her anger and from that point spoke hypocritically to the barbarian. "Oh," she said, "I hope I am not so deranged as to let myself believe I am fit for the Great King. I am like the servants of Persian women. I beg you, please do not talk about me to your master anymore. You can be sure that even if he is not angry with you straightaway, he will be later on, when he realizes that you have thrown the ruler of the whole world to Dionysius's slave girl. I am surprised that with all your intelligence you fail to recognize how humane the King is: he is not in love with an unfortunate woman, he is taking pity on her. We had better stop this talking; someone may misrepresent us to the Queen." With that she hurried off, leaving the eunuch standing there all agape; he had been

brought up in a highly despotic society and could not conceive that there was anything impossible—even for himself, let alone the King.

6 Left by himself like that, not even deemed worthy of an answer, Artaxates went away, seething with all kinds of emotion: he was angry with Callirhoe, sorry for himself, and frightened of the King—who perhaps would not even believe that he had spoken to Callirhoe at all, even though without success, but might think he was betraying his charge to please the Queen. He was also afraid that Callirhoe would even report their conversation to the Queen and that Statira would be angry and devise some serious trouble for him, thinking he was not just serving the King's passion but actually promoting it. The eunuch, then, for his part fell to wondering how he could safely report to the King what had happened. As for Callirhoe, when she was by herself, she said: "That is what I foresaw would happen! Euphrates, you are my witness: I said I should never cross you again! Good-bye, my father, and you, my mother, and Syracuse, my home! I shall never see you again! Now Callirhoe truly is dead! I left my tomb once; not even the pirate Theron will take me from here now. My beauty, my treacherous beauty, you are the cause of all my troubles. It was because of you that I was carried off and sold; because of you that I married another after Chaereas; because of you that I was taken to Babylon and brought into a courtroom. How many times have you handed me over—to pirates, to the sea, to the tomb, slavery, judgment! But the heaviest burden I have had to bear is the King's love. And I have not even mentioned the King's anger yet; to me, yet more frightening is the Queen's jealousy. Not even Chaereas could endure jealousy, man though he is and Greek though he is; what will it do to a woman, an Oriental queen?[99] Come, Callirhoe, conceive some plan of noble kind, worthy of Hermocrates: kill yourself! But no, not yet! So far this is the first approach you have had, and it comes from a eunuch. If some more violent thing happens, that will be the time to show Chaereas, in his presence, how loyal you are!"

The eunuch went to the King and tried to hide the truth about what had happened. He gave the excuse that he had been busy and had been keeping careful watch on the Queen; as a result, he had not even been able to approach Callirhoe. "You told me to make sure no one saw me, sir. And you were quite right to do so: you have assumed the very dignified role of judge, and you want to have the good opinion of Persia; that is why everyone sings your praises. But Greeks find fault over trifles, and they gossip. They will spread this business all over—Callirhoe will boast that the King loves her, and Dionysius and Chaereas will give vent to their jealousy. Besides, it is not fair to cause pain to the

99. I adopt Jackson's emendation.

Queen, whom the trial has made more beautiful than she was already reputed to be."[100] He began to insert this recantation into his words in the hope that he could turn the King away from his passion and remove a difficult duty from his own shoulders.

Well, for the moment he managed to persuade him. But when night 7
came, the King was once more inflamed with passion; Love kept on reminding him what eyes Callirhoe had, how lovely her face was. He commended her hair, her walk, her voice; the way she entered the courtroom, the way she stood; her manner of speaking, her manner of not speaking; her blushes, her tears. He lay awake most of the night, and when he snatched a little sleep, it was only to dream of Callirhoe. The next morning he sent for the eunuch. "Go and be on the alert near her all day," he said. "You are bound to find a chance to talk to her, even if only for a moment, without anyone noticing. If I wanted to slake my desire openly and by force, I have guards available." The eunuch made obeisance and promised to do so; when the King commands, none may argue. He knew that Callirhoe would not give an opening but would evade any conversation by purposely staying in the Queen's company, and in order to deal with just that maneuver he shifted the responsibility from the woman thus protected to the one protecting her. "Sir," he said, "please send for Statira and say that you want to talk privately with her; her absence will give me access to Callirhoe." "Act accordingly," said the King. Artaxates went to the Queen, made obeisance, and said, "Madam, your husband summons you." On hearing this Statira signified her obedience with a bow and hurried off to the King. The eunuch saw Callirhoe left by herself, took her hand in a manner suggesting his goodwill towards Greeks and all mankind, and led her away from the crowd of attendant women. Callirhoe knew what he wanted. She at once went pale and fell silent; but she followed him. When they were alone, he said to her: "You have just seen how the Queen bowed in obedience when she heard the King's name, and went off with all speed. But you—his slave—cannot accept your good fortune; you are not satisfied that he invites you where he could command. But I respect you, and I have not reported your crazy behavior to him. On the contrary: I have made a promise on your behalf. So you have two ways open to you; choose which you will take; I will tell you what those two ways are. Either you do what the King wants, in which case you shall have magnificent presents and the husband of your choice—for I hardly imagine he is going to marry you himself; you will merely afford him momentary gratification. Or else, if you do not do what he wants, you know what happens to the King's enemies: they are the only people who are not per-

100. This is what the manuscript says; there may be something wrong with the text.

mitted to die even when they want to." Callirhoe laughed in his face at this threat. "It will not be my first experience of suffering," she said. "I am acquainted with misfortune. What disposition can the King make for me that would be worse than I have already suffered? I have been buried alive; the tomb is narrower than any prison cell. I have been delivered into the hands of pirates. And now I am suffering the worst of my torments: Chaereas is near me and I cannot see him." The last remark betrayed her; the eunuch was an intelligent man and saw that she was in love. "Foolish woman!" he cried. "Do you prefer a slave of Mithridates to the King?" Callirhoe bridled at the insult to Chaereas. "Hold your tongue, you wretch!" she cried. "Chaereas is nobly born! He is the foremost man in a city that even Athens could not overcome—and Athens overcame that Great King of yours at Marathon and Salamis!" As she said this, she burst into tears, and the eunuch pressed her harder. "The delay is your own fault," he said. "It is assuredly better to gain the judge's goodwill,[101] so as to win your husband back as well. Chaereas may never even know what happened; even if he does, he will not be jealous of his superior—you will be all the more precious to him for pleasing the King." This last remark was not meant to persuade Callirhoe; it was what he himself really thought. All barbarians, you see, stand in complete awe of the King; they think he is a god come among mankind. But Callirhoe would not have welcomed Zeus himself as a husband, or preferred immortality to one day with Chaereas. The eunuch, then, unable to make any headway, said: "Lady, I will give you a chance to think about it. But you should not consider yourself alone, but Chaereas as well. He is in danger of dying a miserable death; the King will not tolerate being outdone in love." With that he left; but Callirhoe took his final words to heart.

8 Then Fortune brought about a rapid change in the situation, banishing all thought and all discussion of love, and events took a quite different turn. A report came to the King of a major rebellion in Egypt: the Egyptians, he learned, had murdered the royal satrap and elected a king from among themselves. He had marched out from Memphis and passed through Pelusium[102] and was already overrunning Syria and Phoenicia, to the point where their cities were offering no more resistance; it was as though a river in spate, or a fire, had suddenly assailed them. The King was thrown into panic by this report, and the Persians were terror-stricken; a deep gloom settled over the whole of Babylon. Then the gos-

101. Adopting Wifstrand's emendation, *πῶς οὐκ εὐμενῆ τὸν δικαστὴν σχεῖν κάλλιον*; (*Eikota,* K. Humanistiska Vetenskapssamfundets i Lund Årsberättelse, 1944–45, 2 [Lund, 1945], 1–9.)

102. Memphis is thought of as the capital of Egypt; Pelusium is the area around the easternmost branch of the Nile Delta.

sips and seers began to maintain that the King's dream had foretold the future: by demanding sacrifice, they said, the gods were foretelling danger but also victory. The usual speeches were made, and the usual measures were taken—everything you would expect when war breaks out suddenly; all Asia, indeed, was in a ferment. Thus, the King called together the Persian peers and all the heads of the constituent nations who were in Babylon—men with whom he habitually discussed important questions—and considered the situation that had arisen. They all had different suggestions, but everybody agreed that urgent measures were necessary and that there should be no delay, not even a day if possible. There were two reasons for this: to check the growth of the enemy's power and to revive their friends' spirits by showing them that help was at hand. If they delayed, on the other hand, the opposite would happen in every respect: the enemy would think they were afraid and would hold them in contempt, and their own side would think they were being neglected and would give in. It was very lucky for the King that the news had reached him in Babylon, near to Syria, rather than in Bactra or Ecbatana, since he had only to cross the Euphrates to come to grips with the rebels. So he decided to march out with the troops already at hand, and to send the order throughout his empire for the army to gather at the river Euphrates. Persia can mobilize its forces very easily. The system has been in force since the time of Cyrus, the first king of Persia. It is established which nations have to supply cavalry for a war, and how many; which are to supply infantry, and how many; who is to supply archers; how many chariots each people is to supply (both ordinary and scythed); where elephants are to come from, and how many; and from whom money is to come, in what currency, and how much. Everybody participates in these preparations, and they take no more time than one man takes to get ready.

9 The King marched out from Babylon on the fifth day after this proclamation; there was a general order for all men of military age to follow him. Dionysius was among them; he was an Ionian, and none of the King's subjects was allowed to stay behind. He armed himself magnificently and formed a by no means negligible company from his own followers, and stationed himself in a conspicuous position in the front ranks. It was clear that he would distinguish himself; he had an ambitious nature, and did not consider courage a merely secondary virtue—on the contrary, he esteemed it one of the noblest. Furthermore, on this occasion he also had some slight hope that if he showed himself useful in the war, the King would give him Callirhoe as a reward for his valorous service, without even making a decision in the case.

As for Callirhoe, the Queen did not want her to be taken along. For that reason she did not even mention her to the King or ask what he

wanted done with the foreign woman. Artaxates too kept his peace; his excuse was that now that his master was in a dangerous situation he did not dare remind him of an amorous dalliance, but the truth was that he was glad to be rid of her, as he would be of a wild beast. In fact, I rather think he was actually grateful to the war, for having broken this passionate attachment on the King's part—it was feeding on lack of occupation. But the King had by no means forgotten Callirhoe; the recollection of her beauty came back to him even in that indescribable confusion. But he was too embarrassed to mention her; he did not want to be thought altogether adolescent, thinking of a pretty girl in the middle of a war like that. Still, his impulses made themselves felt. He did not say anything to Statira herself, or even to the eunuch, since he knew about his love; but he devised the following plan. It is customary for the King himself and the Persian nobility, when they go off to war, to take along with them their wives and children and gold and silver and clothing and eunuchs and concubines and dogs and dining-room furniture and their costly treasures and luxuries. So he summoned the man in charge of this. After much preliminary talk, and first giving instructions for the disposition of everything, he ended up by mentioning Callirhoe with a well-counterfeited expression meant to convey that it did not matter to him. "Oh," he said, "that foreign girl whose case I undertook to judge—she can come along with the other women." And so Callirhoe left Babylon—not to her displeasure, because she thought that Chaereas would be leaving too. Now, she thought, war brings many unforeseeable events in its train, including improvement in the fortunes of those in distress, so perhaps peace would soon be concluded and bring with it an end to the trial.

Book Seven

1 When they all went off with the King to the war against the Egyptians, no one gave any orders to Chaereas, since he was not a slave of the King—in fact he was the only free man in Babylon at the time. He was glad of that, expecting Callirhoe also to be staying behind. So the next day he went to the palace to try to find his wife. Finding it closed and the gates heavily guarded, he started hunting throughout the city, incessantly asking his friend Polycharmus, like a man out of his mind: "Where is Callirhoe? What has happened to her? *She* can't have gone off to fight!" Failing to find Callirhoe, he began to look for his rival Dionysius, and went to his house. Somebody duly came out, as if by fortunate coincidence, and told Chaereas what he had been instructed to say. Dionysius, you see, wanted to deprive Chaereas of all hope of marrying Callirhoe and discourage him from waiting any longer for the outcome of the trial, so he thought up the following scheme. When he went off to fight, he left someone behind to tell Chaereas that the Persian King, needing allies,

had sent Dionysius to collect an army to fight Egypt, and that to ensure his faithful and energetic service he had adjudged Callirhoe to him. When he was told that, Chaereas believed it at once—it is easy to deceive a man in misery. He rent his clothes, tore his hair, and beat his breast, crying: "Treacherous Babylon! Inhospitable city—a very desert to me! A fine judge—prostituting another man's wife! A wedding in wartime! When I was preparing my case, I was convinced it would be just—and I lose it by default! Dionysius has won without saying a word! But he will gain nothing by winning; Callirhoe will not live if Chaereas is near and she is separated from him; even the first time, she was misled by the thought that I was dead. Then why delay—why not cut my throat in front of the palace and pour out my blood at the judge's door? Let the Persians and Medes know how the King passed judgment there!"

Polycharmus saw that he could bring no consolation in this disastrous turn of events. Chaereas was beyond help. "My dearest friend," he said, "for a long time now I have been trying to bring you comfort. Time after time I have held you back from suicide. But this time I think you are right. Far from holding you back, this time I am ready to die with you. But we should think carefully about what would be the best way to die. The way you have in mind will no doubt cause some ill feeling against the King and make him feel ashamed thereafter, but does not offer much satisfaction for our sufferings. I think that once we have settled on dying we should use our death to avenge ourselves on the despot. It would be a noble thing to do him so much harm that he really regrets his actions, and to leave behind for future generations a glorious tale of how two Greeks who were unjustly treated paid out the Great King by the suffering they caused him, and died like men." "Yes," said Chaereas, "but how can the two of us by ourselves, poor as we are, and in a foreign country, do any harm to a man who rules so many great nations and possesses the resources we have seen? He has bodyguards, and other guards before those. Even if we kill one of his people, even if we set fire to some of his property, he will not even notice the damage." "What you say would be correct," replied Polycharmus, "if there were no war; but we have learned that Egypt has rebelled, Phoenicia has fallen, and Syria is being overrun. The war will come to meet the King before he has even crossed the Euphrates. So we are not just two men by ourselves; all the Egyptian king's troops are our allies, all his weapons, all his resources, all his ships. Let us use the strength of others to avenge ourselves!" "Before he had finished speaking" Chaereas cried out: "Quick, let us be off! I shall get judgment against this judge from the war!"

They quickly set out, then, in the King's tracks, claiming to want to 2
join his army; they hoped that this excuse would get them across the Euphrates without danger. They caught up with the army at the river, attached themselves to the rearguard, and followed along; but when they

reached Syria they deserted to the Egyptian side. The guards seized them and began to interrogate them to find out who they were; because they did not look as if they were on an official mission they were suspected of being, on the contrary, spies. At that point they would have been in considerable danger had it not been for a Greek who happened to be there and understood their language. They asked to be taken to the king since they had something greatly to his advantage to offer him. When they were brought before him, Chaereas said: "We are Greeks; we are of noble family in Syracuse. My friend here came to Babylon because of me; I came because of my wife, the daughter of Hermocrates—you may have heard of Hermocrates, a general who defeated the Athenians at sea?" The Egyptian king nodded to say he had; the whole world had heard of the disaster Athens suffered in the war with Sicily. "Artaxerxes has behaved tyrannously to us," he said, and they told him the whole story. "We have come of our own accord," said Chaereas, "to offer you our loyal friendship; we have the two strongest possible motives for acting bravely: we passionately want to die and we passionately want revenge. I should be dead already, such are my misfortunes, but I am staying alive solely to make my enemy suffer.

> No, let me not die without effort, without glory, but after some great exploit that even our descendants will know about!"[103]

The Egyptian was delighted to hear this and extended his hand to Chaereas. "You have come at the right time for both of us," he said. So at once he ordered them to be given arms and a tent; soon afterwards he invited Chaereas to share his table, then formally appointed him his adviser. For Chaereas was showing good sense and courage, and loyalty as well, true to his noble nature and upbringing.

But what spurred him on and distinguished him even more was his hostility to the Persian King and his desire to show that he was not a man to take lightly, but deserved respect. So he soon had a major achievement to his credit. So far the Egyptians had had an easy success. They had seized Coele-Syria in their rapid invasion, and Phoenicia was in their power as well.[104] But Tyre held out. The Tyrians are by nature a very warlike people who desire a reputation for courage; they do not want to be thought to be bringing shame on Hercules, who is their most prominent god and to whom the city is dedicated almost exclusively.[105] Fur-

103. *Iliad* 22.304–5 (Hector's final words before engaging in combat with Achilles, who kills him).

104. Roughly speaking, Phoenicia was the coastal strip including Tyre and Sidon (say, Israel and Lebanon), and Coele-Syria was its hinterland.

105. The local god Melkart was identified by the Greeks with Hercules. The siege here recounted by Chariton is intended to recall Alexander's seven-month siege of the city in 332. There is, however, some obscurity in Chariton's description of the topography and situation of the city, and the text may be faulty. See Plepelits, Chariton, 17ff. Chariton may be working from an early version of the *Alexander Romance*.

thermore, the site is secure, and that adds to their confidence. The city is built in the sea; a narrow causeway joins it to the land and keeps it from being an island; it is like a ship at anchor that has let down its gangplank onto the land. So the inhabitants can easily shut out hostile action from any direction: an infantry attack since it has to come from the sea, and one gate is enough; and a naval assault by means of their walls, since the city is solidly built and is closed off like a house by harbor installations.

All the surrounding area, then, had been captured, and the Tyrians 3
alone were defying the Egyptians and remained well disposed and loyal to Persia. Irritated by this, the Egyptian king summoned his council; that was the first time he called Chaereas into his circle of advisers. He made the following speech. "My allies!—for I am not going to call my friends slaves—you see the problem. We are like a ship that has had fair sailing for a long time and now is caught in an adverse wind. Tyre, impregnable Tyre, is holding back our swift advance; and we hear too that the King is hard upon us. So what should we do? We cannot take Tyre; nor can we pass it by; it is like a wall that stands in our way, shutting us out of the whole of Asia. My view is that we should get away as soon as we can, before the Persian forces join the Tyrians. It would be dangerous for us to be caught in enemy territory. Pelusium, on the other hand, is secure. There we need not fear attack from Tyrians or Medes or the whole world. The desert is impassable, the entrance is narrow, the sea is ours, and the Nile is the Egyptians' friend." At this overcautious speech all fell silent and were downcast. Chaereas was the only one with enough spirit to say anything. "Your Majesty," he said, "for it is with you that true majesty lies, not with the Persian, who is the vilest of human beings—I am sorry you are considering retreat at a time when we should be celebrating victory, for we are on the road to victory, if the gods so will; and it is not just Tyre we are going to capture, but Babylon itself. Many obstacles arise in a war; we should not shrink from them but come to grips with them, with good hope as a constant shield. These Tyrians who are now laughing us to scorn—I shall set them before you naked and in chains. If you do not believe me, then leave—but sacrifice me first; for I shall not share your retreat while I live. But if you insist on going, leave a few volunteers with me;

> I and Polycharmus will fight, for it is at a god's behest that we have come."[106]

They were all too ashamed not to accept Chaereas's proposal; the king applauded his spirit and granted him permission to select as large a force

106. Adapted from *Iliad* 9.48–49, where Diomedes similarly rejects Agamemnon's proposal to leave Troy, in face of imminent defeat.

as he wanted. He did not make his choice immediately but went about among the troops encamped there, telling Polycharmus to do the same, and began first to search out any Greeks in the camp. There were a number to be found, serving as mercenaries; he picked out Spartans, Corinthians, and men from the Peloponnese generally, and also found a score or so of Sicilians. When he had formed a group of three hundred, he addressed them as follows. "Greeks! The king gave me the chance to pick the best men in the army; I have picked you; I am Greek myself, from Syracuse, Dorian by race. We must surpass the others in courage as well as in noble origin. Now, no one should panic at the operation I am asking you to undertake; we shall find it feasible and easy—it looks more difficult than it will prove to be. The same number of Greeks resisted Xerxes at Thermopylae. There are not five million Tyrians;[107] there are only a few of them; they are disdainful and arrogant, not spirited and sensible. Well, they shall find out how superior Greeks are to Phoenicians. I have no passionate desire to be your leader. I will follow anyone among you who wants to be in command; he will find me obedient—it is not my own fame but that of all of us that fires my ambition." They all cried out, "*You* be our general!" "You want me to be your leader—I will," he said. "You have given me the command, so I shall do all I can to ensure that you do not regret showing this goodwill to me and this trust in me. Rather, with the help of the gods you shall become famous and celebrated in our own time, as well as the richest of the allies, and for the future you shall leave behind you an undying reputation for courage. Everyone will sing your praises; as they do with Othryades' three hundred men or those of Leonidas, so they will with Chaereas's band."[108] Before he had finished speaking, they all cried out, "Be our leader!" and they all ran for their weapons.

4 Chaereas equipped them with the best of arms and armor and led them to the king's tent. The Egyptian was surprised to see them; he thought it was not his familiar troops, but some others, that he was looking at, and he promised them great rewards. "We are sure of that," said Chaereas, "but keep the rest of your troops in arms, and do not move on Tyre until we have it in our power and climb up on the walls

107. Herodotus (7.186) gives this as the number of Persians (counting camp followers) at Thermopylae, though no one now believes him. The reference in the preceding sentences to three hundred troops is of course to the famous three hundred Spartans who stayed with King Leonidas at Thermopylae in 480, after Leonidas had sent all the other Greek forces home. They were killed to the last man by the advancing Persians.

108. I here translate the text as modified by Lucke-Schäfer, after D'Orville, at 7.3.11: *πάντες ὑμνήσουσιν ὡς τοὺς μετὰ Ὀθρυάδου τριακοσίους ἢ τοὺς μετὰ Λεωνίδου*. For Othryades, the manuscript mentions Mithridates (sheer confusion). He is mentioned by Herodotus (1.82), in an account of a conflict between Argos and Sparta that does not seem nearly as appropriate as the Thermopylae story. Perhaps Chariton is gilding the lily with rather pale paint, or possibly there is an interpolation in the text.

and call you in." "May the gods bring that to pass!" said the king. Chaereas drew his men up in close order and then led them against Tyre; they looked far fewer than they were—in fact it really was a case of

> Shield pressed against shield, helmet against helmet, man against man.[109]

At first they were not even seen by the enemy, but when they were close, the men on the wall caught sight of them and signaled to those inside. The last thing they expected was that they were hostile troops; who would ever have thought that so small a force would approach an extremely powerful city to attack it—a city that not even the whole Egyptian army had ever dared to attack? When they came close to the walls, the Tyrians wanted to know who they were and what they wanted. Chaereas replied: "We are Greek mercenaries. We are not getting our pay from the Egyptians—in fact, they are plotting to kill us. So we have come to you to join you, so as to get our revenge on our common enemy." This information was passed on to those inside. The gates were opened and the garrison commander came out with a handful of men. Chaereas killed him first and rushed at the others

> And smote about him on every side; and a hideous groaning rose from them.[110]

Others slew others, like lions falling on an unguarded herd of cattle; and the whole city was in the grip of wailing and lamentation as few could see what was happening and everyone was in a panic. A disordered mass of people poured out at the gate to see what had happened. That more than anything else was what brought about the destruction of the Tyrians; for those inside kept trying to force their way out, while the people outside, being struck and stabbed by swords and spears, tried to escape back inside; they collided with each other in a confined space, and this gave their slaughterers an excellent opportunity. It was not even possible to close the gates, because the entry was piled high with corpses.

In this indescribable confusion Chaereas was the only one who kept his head. He forced his way through those in his path, got inside the gates, leapt up onto the walls with nine others, and from up there signaled to the Egyptians to come. They arrived at lightning speed, and Tyre was captured. Its capture was the signal for general festivity; Chaereas alone neither offered sacrifice nor put a garland on his head. "What use is it to me to celebrate victory if you are not there to watch, Callirhoe? I will never wear a garland again, after our wedding night; if

109. *Iliad* 13.131 and 16.215.

110. *Odyssey* 22.308 and 24.184 (the slaughter of the suitors) and elsewhere—especially *Iliad* 10.483ff., where the simile of the lion follows at once, as here.

you are dead, it is sacrilege; and even if you are alive, how can I be festive if I am separated from you?"[111]

Well, that was the situation they were in. As for the Persian King, he had crossed the Euphrates and was hurrying as fast as he could to get to grips with the enemy; for when he heard that Tyre had been captured, he was afraid for Sidon and the whole of Syria, since he could see that the enemy were now a match for him. He decided for this reason not to take all his train along with him on the march anymore, but to travel light so that nothing would impede his rapidity of movement. He took with him the best of his army and left behind the age group unsuited for service, along with the Queen, his possessions, his clothing, and the royal treasure. Since everything was a mass of confusion and disorder, and since the cities as far as the Euphrates were in the grip of the war, he thought it would be safer to put the people who were being left behind on Aradus for security.

5 Aradus is an island three or four miles from the mainland.[112] It contains an old shrine of Aphrodite; the women lived there as in a house, feeling completely secure. Callirhoe stood in front of Aphrodite, looking at her. At first she said nothing but wept; her tears reproached the goddess. Then she managed to find her voice. "So now it is Aradus; a small island instead of great Sicily—and there is no one here of my own people. My lady, that is enough. How long are you going to be at war with me? I may really have given you offense; but you have punished me for it. Perhaps my ill-starred beauty evoked your indignation; but it has been my ruin. Now I have experienced the one misfortune I had never known—war. Compared to my present situation, even Babylon was charitable to me. There Chaereas was near at hand. Now he is assuredly dead; he would not have stayed alive when I left the city. But I do not know from whom I can find out what has happened to him. All are strangers to me, all are foreigners; they envy me, they hate me—and worse than those who hate me are those who love me! My lady, reveal to me whether Chaereas is alive!" With these words on her lips she went away. Rhodogune came to her to comfort her;[113] she was the daughter of Zopyrus and the wife of Megabyzus—both father and husband were Persian nobles; she had been the first Persian woman to meet Callirhoe on her entry into Babylon.

When the Egyptian heard that the King was close, and had made preparations both on land and at sea, he called Chaereas to him and said: "I have not had the chance to reward you for your first success—putting

111. I accept Jackson's emendation.

112. Aradus was north of Tyre and Sidon and east of Cyprus.

113. I accept Morel's emendation ("Some Remarks on the Text of Chariton," *Classical Quarterly* 33 [1939]: 212).

Tyre into my hands; but I ask you to help me with the next stage. We must not lose the advantages we now possess, which I shall share with you: I am satisfied with Egypt, Syria shall be yours. We must consider what to do. The war is at its height in both elements. I give you the choice: you command the land or the naval forces, whichever you wish. I think you will feel more at home on the sea: you Syracusans overcame even the Athenians at sea. Today it is the Persians you are fighting, and they were beaten by the Athenians. You have Egyptian warships available; they are bigger than the Sicilian ships, and there are more of them. Do as your kinsman Hermocrates did at sea!" "Any danger is sweet to me," replied Chaereas. "I will undertake this war for you, and also against the King, who is my detested enemy. But along with the warships give me my three hundred men as well." "Take them," said the king, "and as many more as you want along with them." These words were at once translated into action; the need was pressing. So the Egyptian made ready to meet the enemy with the infantry, while Chaereas was appointed admiral. The infantry were at first somewhat discouraged that Chaereas was not in their ranks, because he had now won their affection and they were full of optimism if he was to lead them; so it was as if a great body had had an eye removed. On the other hand, the navy's morale rose high, and they were filled with fighting spirit at the thought of having the bravest and finest of men as their commander. "No ignoble thought entered their minds":[114] captains, helmsmen, crew, marines, all set out eagerly to see who would be the first to display to Chaereas his zealous devotion.

Battle was joined on land and sea the same day. For a long, long time the Egyptian infantry held out against the Medes and Persians; then they were overwhelmed by sheer numbers and gave in. The King rode after them. The Egyptians tried hard to effect an escape to Pelusium; the Persians were eager to catch them before they got there. The Egyptians might actually have got away had not Dionysius produced a remarkable achievement. He had performed brilliantly in the engagement, always fighting near the King so as to catch his eye, and was the first to rout those ranged against him. Now, when the retreat proved a long one, with no respite night or day, he saw that the King was worried by that. "Don't worry, sir," he said. "I will stop the Egyptians from getting away if you give me some picked cavalry." The King commended him and gave him the cavalry. He took five thousand men and completed two

114. This translates an emendation of a not very suitable phrase in the manuscript, "they had little or no grief." The translation quotes a phrase from Thucydides describing the state of mind of Athenians and Spartans at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War; if the emendation is correct, the reference can be added to some other passing reminiscences of Thucydides in this passage (the great sea fight in the harbor at Syracuse in 413, which ended in the defeat of the Athenian fleet).

days' journey in one day; he fell on the Egyptians unexpectedly at night, took many of them prisoner, and killed more. The Egyptian king, who was going to be taken alive, killed himself; Dionysius took his head back to the King, who, when he saw it, said: "I shall list you as a benefactor to my house. Here and now I give you the most pleasing of gifts, one that you yourself desire above all others: I grant you Callirhoe to be your wife. The war has decided the case; you have the finest possible prize for your brave deeds." Dionysius made obeisance; he counted himself the equal of the gods, for he was convinced that he was now firmly established as Callirhoe's husband.

6 That was what happened on land. At sea Chaereas was victorious. The enemy fleet was no match for him at all: they could not take the ramming of the Egyptian triremes and would not face head-on attacks at all.[115] Some of them turned tail immediately; others were forced ashore, and Chaereas captured them, crews and all. The sea was full of shipwrecked Median vessels. But the King did not know about the defeat of his own naval forces; equally, Chaereas did not know about the Egyptian defeat on land; each thought his own side had been victorious in both elements. So on the day of his victory Chaereas sailed to Aradus to put in there; he ordered his fleet to circle round the island and keep it under surveillance ...[116] to report in person to their master. They collected the eunuchs and maidservants and all the less valuable personnel into the town square, which offered an extensive area. There were so many there that they spent the night not only in the colonnades but in the open air. Those of some value they took into a building in the square where the town council usually transacted its business. The women sat on the ground around the Queen. They neither lit a fire nor ate any food; they were convinced that the King had been captured, that Persia was ruined, and that the Egyptians had won everywhere.

That night both ecstasy and misery held Aradus in their grip. The Egyptians were glad to be rid of war and enslavement to Persia; the Persian prisoners were expecting chains, whipping, humiliation, slaughter, and—the kindest fate of all—enslavement. Statira laid her head in Callirhoe's lap and wept; Callirhoe, like a cultivated Greek woman with her own experience of sorrow, did her best to comfort the Queen. What happened was as follows. An Egyptian soldier who had been given the job of guarding the people in the building discovered that the Queen was

115. The usual naval maneuver consisted of rowing between the enemy lines and then turning to ram an enemy ship on its beam with a strengthened prow. Sometimes head-on attacks were made. In any case the tactics consisted of ramming, after which "marines" would board the enemy ship.

116. There is a lacuna in the text here, which presumably described Chaereas's capture of Aradus and the Persians who were there but did not include his recognition of who the captives were; probably not a lot is missing.

inside. Given the innate superstition that barbarians feel towards the royal title, he could not bring himself to approach her; but he stood by the closed door and said: "Do not be afraid, my lady. At present the admiral does not know that you too have been shut up here with the prisoners, but when he finds out, he will look after you kindly. He is not only brave but ...[117] will make you his wife—he has a liking for women." When she heard that, Callirhoe broke out in loud lamentation and tore her hair. "Now I really am a prisoner! Slay me, but do not make me such a promise! Marriage I cannot endure—I pray rather for death! They can torture me—goads and fire will not make me rise from here; this spot is my tomb! If your commander is as kind as you say, let him grant me this favor—let him kill me here!" The Egyptian renewed his pleas, but she refused to get up; rather she sank to the floor and lay there, her head covered. The Egyptian had to consider what to do: he could not bring himself to use force, but on the other hand could not persuade her to do as he said. So he went back to Chaereas with a gloomy expression. When he saw him Chaereas said: "What has happened now? Are there people stealing the best of the spoils? They won't get away with it!" "There is no harm done, sir," replied the Egyptian. "It is that woman; I found her lying on the floor;[118] she refuses to come. She has thrown herself on the ground; she is asking for a sword to kill herself with." Chaereas laughed. "What a fool you are!" he said. "Don't you know how to deal with a woman? Appeal to her, flatter her, make promises to her! Above all, let her think she is loved! You probably tried to force her to come and treated her harshly." "No, sir, I didn't," he said. "I have done everything you said—in fact I've gone a lot farther: I've taken your name in vain and said you would marry her—and that made her angrier than ever." "What a charming, irresistible man I must be," said Chaereas. "if she rejects me and hates me before she has even seen me. She seems to be a woman of dignity. No one is to offer her violence; let her do as she pleases; self-respect deserves my respect. Perhaps she is mourning a husband herself."

117. There is an altogether bigger lacuna in the text here. Apparently Chaereas learns that the Queen is among the prisoners (but of course has no idea that Callirhoe is with her) and gives orders to treat her with all respect. In the course of carrying out his orders, one of his Egyptian adjutants sees an extraordinarily beautiful woman (but of course does not know who she is) and reports this to Chaereas. Chaereas sends for her, and it is while on this errand that the Egyptian promises her favorable treatment, including marriage, from Chaereas (without naming him); this is the position when the text begins again. There are strong echoes, even in what is preserved of this scene, of Alexander's magnanimity to the family of the defeated Darius after the battle of Issus in 333 (see Arrian *Anabasis* 2.7—but Chariton is using an earlier Alexander-history) and of Xenophon's *Cyropaedia* 5.1.6, where Cyrus is described by one of his staff as being similarly generous in comparable circumstances. See Plepelits, *Chariton*, 18f. and n. 181.

118. The text is badly corrupted here; the translation gives a suitable sense.

Book Eight

1 How Chaereas, suspecting that Callirhoe had been handed over to Dionysius, determined to avenge himself on the King and so went over to the Egyptian side; how he was appointed admiral and gained control of the sea; how after his victory he seized Aradus, where the King had placed his own wife for security, and along with her all his train and Callirhoe too—all of that has been described in the previous book. But Fortune was minded to do something as cruel as it was paradoxical: Chaereas was to have Callirhoe in his possession and fail to recognize her; while taking others' wives on board his ships to carry them off, he was to leave his own behind, not like Ariadne asleep, and not for Dionysus to be her bridegroom, but as spoils of war for his own enemies. But Aphrodite thought this too harsh; she was growing less angry with him. At first she had been incensed by his misplaced jealousy: she had given him the fairest of gifts, fairer even than the gift she had accorded to Alexander Paris,[119] and he had repaid her kindness with arrogance. But now that Chaereas had made honorable amends to Love, in that he had wandered the world from west to east and gone through untold suffering, Aphrodite took pity on him; having harassed by land and sea the handsome couple she had originally brought together, she decided now to reunite them. And I think that this last chapter will prove very agreeable to its readers: it cleanses away[120] the grim events of the earlier ones. There will be no more pirates or slavery or lawsuits or fighting or suicide or wars or conquests; now there will be lawful love and sanctioned marriage. So I shall tell you how the goddess brought the truth to light and revealed the unrecognized pair to each other.

It was evening,[121] and much of the captured material was still left on shore. Worn out as he was, Chaereas got up to make his arrangements for the ships' departure. As he was passing through the town square, the Egyptian said to him: "Sir, there is the woman who wouldn't come to you but wants to kill herself. Perhaps you can persuade her to get up—why leave behind the choicest of the spoils?" Polycharmus added his weight to the suggestion; he wanted to push Chaereas into a new love affair if at all possible, to console him for the loss of Callirhoe. "Let's go in

119. The gift, of course, was Helen. In imperial authors Paris is sometimes, as here, called by both his names; earlier, by one or the other. (Paris is not a Greek name; Alexander, "he who fights men off," is its Greek translation.)

120. It is of some interest that the word Chariton uses for "cleanses away," *katharsion,* is the adjectival form of the noun *katharsis* (*catharsis* in Latin transliteration) made famous by Aristotle in his account, in the *Poetics,* of the operation of tragedy; there it is usually translated either "purge" or "purify" (i.e., "refine"). We cannot be sure whether or not Chariton is referring to Aristotle; in any event, the idea here is clearly "getting rid of," "obliterating."

121. See note 10 above for this reference to a familiar dramatic passage in Demosthenes.

to her, Chaereas," he said. So he went in the door. When he saw her stretched out on the ground with her head covered, he felt his heart stirred at once by the way she breathed and the look of her, and felt a thrill of excitement; he would certainly have recognized her had he not been thoroughly convinced that Dionysius had taken Callirhoe for himself. He went up to her quietly. "Don't be frightened, lady," he said, "whoever you are. We are not going to use force on you. You shall have the husband you want." Before he had finished speaking, Callirhoe recognized his voice and threw the covering from her face. They both cried out at the same time: "Chaereas!" "Callirhoe!" They fell into each other's arms, swooned, and fell to the ground. At first Polycharmus too could only stand there, struck speechless by this miracle. But after a time he said: "Get up! You have recovered each other; the gods have granted your wishes, both of you; but remember that you are not in your own country, you are in enemy territory, and the first thing to do is to deal with that situation, so that no one separates you again." He had to shout; they were like people plunged deep in a well who could scarcely hear a voice calling from above. Slowly they came to themselves; then, when they saw each other and embraced, they were overcome again; and this happened a second time and a third time. All they could say was: "You are in my arms—if you really are Callirhoe!" "If you really are Chaereas!"

The rumor spread that the admiral had found his wife. Not a soldier stayed in his tent, not a sailor on his ship, not a lodgekeeper at his door. People poured together from all sides, saying to each other, "What a lucky woman, to win such a handsome husband!" But when Callirhoe appeared, no one praised Chaereas anymore; they all turned their gaze on her, as if she alone existed. She moved with dignity, escorted on either side by Chaereas and Polycharmus. They had flowers and wreaths showered on them; wine and myrrh were poured out at their feet as they walked; the sweetest fruits of war and peace were joined in celebration of victory and marriage.

Chaereas was in the habit of sleeping on board ship, since he was busy night and day. Now, however, he handed everything over to Polycharmus, and himself went into the royal bedroom without even waiting for night to fall (in every town there is a special house set aside for the Great King). In it was a bed of beaten gold covered with cloth of Tyrian purple, of Babylonian weave. Who could describe that night? They told each other their countless adventures; they wept endlessly; they embraced endlessly. It was Callirhoe who began, with her story: how she had come back to life in the tomb; how she had been carried off by Theron; how she had crossed the sea; how she had been sold. Up to that point Chaereas had wept as he listened, but when she reached Miletus in her

account of her adventures, Callirhoe became embarrassed and fell silent, and Chaereas' natural jealousy rose up in him again; he was consoled, however, when he heard about the child. But before he had heard the whole story, he said: "Tell me how you came to Aradus, and where you left Dionysius, and what you have had to do with the King." She at once swore that she had not seen Dionysius since the trial; the King, she said, was in love with her, but she had had no contact with him, not even a kiss. "Then I have been unjust and quick-tempered in doing the King so much damage when he was not harming you; when I was separated from you, I thought I had to go over to his enemy's side. But I have not disgraced you; I have filled land and sea with trophies of victory." And he told his whole story in detail, taking pride in his successes. But when they had had enough of weeping and describing their adventures, they fell into each other's arms and

Gladly turned to the pact of their bed as of old.[122]

2 But before day broke, an Egyptian of high rank landed, and as he stepped ashore from the cutter he began to ask urgently where Chaereas was. So he was taken to Polycharmus; but he said he could not deliver his secret message to anyone else, and his mission was very urgent. For a long time Polycharmus tried to put off his meeting with Chaereas, because he thought it was no time to intrude on him. But since the man kept on insisting urgently, he half-opened the bedroom door and told Chaereas of the emergency. Like a good general, Chaereas said: "Tell him to come in. War brooks no delay." It was still dark when the Egyptian was shown in. He stood by the bed. "I have to tell you," he said, "that the Persian King has killed the Egyptian king. He has sent part of his army to Egypt to establish order there and is bringing all the rest here—in fact he is almost here now. He has heard that Aradus has been taken and is very anxious about all the wealth he has left here, but particularly distressed about his wife, Statira." At this news Chaereas leapt up, but Callirhoe caught hold of him. "Where are you rushing off to," she said, "before thinking about the situation? If you broadcast this news, you will cause a great insurrection—once everybody knows, they will pay no heed to you. We shall be captured again and shall be worse off then ever." Chaereas was soon convinced by what she said, and had a plan in mind when he left the bedroom. He took the Egyptian by the hand and called all his force together. "Men," he said, "we have beaten the King's forces on land as well! This man has brought us the good news and letters from the Egyptian king. We are to sail as soon as we car where he tells us; so all of you get ready and board ship."

122. *Odyssey* 23.296 (the reunion of Odysseus and Penelope).

At these words the trumpeter sounded the call for reembarkation. They had loaded the spoils and prisoners the previous day, and there were only heavy or useless objects left on the island. Then they began casting off and weighing anchor; the harbor was full of shouting and confusion, with everybody busy at something. Chaereas went from ship to ship, giving the captain of each a secret signal to set course for Cyprus—they must seize it, he said, while it was still without a garrison. The next day they had a favorable wind and put in at Paphos, where there is a temple of Aphrodite.[123] When they anchored, before anyone disembarked, Chaereas sent heralds to proclaim peace and make a treaty with the inhabitants. They accepted the proposal, and he landed his whole force and paid honor to Aphrodite with offerings; then, collecting a large number of animals for sacrifice, he held a feast for his army. While he was considering his next move, the priests, who are also prophets,[124] reported that the sacrifices augured well. Cheered by this news, he called together the ships' captains and his three hundred Greeks[125] and all the Egyptians whom he saw to be well disposed to him and spoke as follows.

"Fellow soldiers and friends! You have shared great successes. To me, peace is fairest and war least dangerous when you are with me. Experience has shown that harmony among us has made us masters of the sea. And the critical moment is now on us when we must consider our future course, for our own security. I have to tell you that the Egyptian king has been killed in battle; the King of Persia is in possession of all the land; and we are caught in the midst of our enemies. So now, does anyone suggest that we go off to the King and throw ourselves unreservedly into his hands?" They immediately shouted that that was the last thing they should do. "Then where shall we go? Everything is hostile to us. We cannot even rely on the sea anymore, now that the land is in the hands of our enemies. We cannot fly away!" These words were greeted with si-

123. Paphos is the name of a settlement in southwestern Cyprus where there was indeed a famous shrine of Aphrodite. But it is some miles inland. It was only after the dramatic date of the story, in the early Hellenistic period, that a *port* was built near Paphos; and the port usurped the name, the original Paphos becoming Old Paphos. Chariton is here conflating the two places—which admittedly are not very far apart—and thus killing two birds with one stone: finding a suitable launching pad for the last stage of his heroes' journey and reestablishing contact between them and Aphrodite. It thus seems likely that this anachronism is a conscious narrative device on his part. See Plepelits, *Chariton,* 187–88 n. 184.

124. As Plepelits, *Chariton,* 188 n. 185, observes, it is interesting that Chariton evidently thought that his own audience would need this footnote; in earlier classical times it would not have been necessary.

125. Through a printer's error the three hundred Greeks are omitted from Blake's Greek text, although they appear in his translation, *Chariton's Chaereas and Callirhoe* (Chicago and Oxford, 1939).

lence. A Lacedaemonian, a relative of Brasidas,[126] who had had to leave Sparta as a result of a crisis, took it on himself to speak first. "Why are we looking for somewhere to go to get away from the King?" he said. "We have the sea; we have ships; between them they can take us to Sicily and Syracuse, and there we need not be afraid of the Persians or even the Athenians." Everyone applauded these sentiments. Chaereas alone pretended not to agree; the reason he gave was that it was a long way to sail, but he really wanted to test their firmness of purpose. But they insisted and were all for sailing at once. "Well, my Greeks," he said, "it is good advice you are giving; I am grateful to you for your goodwill and your loyalty. I shall see to it that you do not regret it, if the gods take you into their care. But the Egyptians—there are many of them whom we cannot compel against their will; they have wives and children, most of them, whom they do not want to be torn from—so circulate among their numbers and start asking around, each one of them, as quickly as you can, to make sure we take along only those who want to come."

3 His instructions were carried out. But Callirhoe took Chaereas by the hand and led him aside by himself. "What have you decided to do, Chaereas?" she asked. "Are you going to take Statira and the beautiful Rhodogune to Syracuse as well?" Chaereas blushed. "It is not for myself that I am taking them," he said, "but as servants for you." "May the gods never make me so mad," cried Callirhoe, "as to have the Queen of Asia as my slave! Especially as she has shown me hospitality! If you want to please me, send her to the King; she kept me safe for you as if it were her own brother's wife she had in her charge." "There is nothing I would not do for you," said Chaereas. "You are mistress of Statira and all I have won from the enemy—and, above all, of my heart." Callirhoe was delighted. She kissed Chaereas and at once told her servants to take her to Statira. Statira was in the hold of a ship, along with the highest-ranking Persian women. She knew nothing at all of what had happened, not even that Callirhoe had found her Chaereas, since she was heavily guarded and no one was allowed to approach her or tell her anything of what was happening. When Callirhoe came on board, with the captain escorting her, everyone immediately panicked and began running all over in their confusion. Then one man said quietly to another, "The admiral's wife is here." Statira gave a loud, profound sigh and began to weep. "Fortune!" she cried. "You have preserved me to this day so that I, a queen, may look upon my mistress! Perhaps she has come to see what sort of slave she has acquired!" At this she raised a loud lament; at that moment she found out what it is for a noble person to be a captive.

126. A Spartan general during the Peloponnesian War.

But it was a rapid change of fortune that the god brought about: Callirhoe entered quickly and embraced Statira. "Be of good heart, Queen!" she said, "for Queen you are and always shall remain. It is no enemy whose hands you have fallen into, but your dear friend, whose benefactor you have been. It is my Chaereas who is admiral; it was his anger against the King that made him admiral of the Egyptian fleet, because of the delay in recovering me. But his anger is past; he has made his peace and is no longer Persia's enemy. Get up, my dear, and go in good heart. You too shall have your own husband, for the King is alive, and Chaereas is sending you to him. And you get up too, Rhodogune, the first Persian woman to be my friend, and go to your own husband; and as many other women as the Queen wishes. And remember Callirhoe!" Statira was astonished to hear this; she could neither believe it nor disbelieve it. But Callirhoe's character was such that no one could think she would mislead people in so serious a situation; and the emergency called for immediate action. Now there was among the Egyptians a man called Demetrius, a philosopher who was known to the King of Persia; he was advanced in years and superior to the other Egyptians in culture and character. Chaereas called this man to him and said: "I wanted to take you with me, but instead I am asking you to undertake an important mission for me: I am sending the Queen in your charge to the Great King. This will also give you greater standing with him and will assure a pardon for the rest." At this he appointed Demetrius commander of the ships that were being sent back.

Everybody wanted to go with Chaereas; they thought more of him than of their countries and their children. But he chose only twenty ships, the biggest and best, because he was going to cross the Ionian Sea; on board these he put all the Greeks who were there and all the Egyptians and Phoenicians he found to be most energetic; many Cypriots embarked too as volunteers. All the rest he sent home; he gave them a share of the spoils so that they could look forward to returning to their families, because their standing would be improved. No one who asked anything of Chaereas failed to get it. Callirhoe brought all the royal jewels to Statira. She would not take them, however. "No," she said, "you wear them; beauty like yours deserves to be royally adorned. You need presents for your mother and offerings for your country's gods. I have left in Babylon more than there is here. May the gods grant you a good journey safe home and may you never again be separated from Chaereas. You have behaved properly to me in every way; you have shown a noble character, worthy of your beauty. It was a fine treasure that the King left in trust with me!"

Who could describe all the different activities of that day? There were 4
people praying, saying good-bye, rejoicing, sorrowing, giving each

other instructions, writing home; Chaereas, too, wrote a letter, to the King, as follows.

> You were going to decide the case, but I have already been declared the winner by the fairest of judges: war is the best arbiter between stronger and weaker. War has given me back Callirhoe; and it has given me not only my wife but yours as well. But I am not as slow to act as you; I am restoring Statira to you rapidly, though you have not even asked for her return; she is undefiled, and even in captivity has remained a queen. You should know that it is not I who am sending this gift, but Callirhoe. We ask you to repay us by pardoning the Egyptians; more than anyone, a king should show forbearance. You will have good soldiers who will feel affection for you; they have chosen to stay with you in friendship rather than come with me.

That was what Chaereas wrote. Callirhoe too thought it proper to show her gratitude to Dionysius by writing to him. This was the only thing she did independently of Chaereas; knowing his jealous nature, she was anxious to prevent him learning of it. She took a writing tablet and wrote the following.

> From Callirhoe: greetings to Dionysius, my benefactor—for it was you who freed me from pirates and slavery. Please do not be angry: I am with you in spirit through the son we share; I entrust him to you to bring up and educate in a way worthy of us. Do not let him learn what a stepmother is like. You have a daughter as well as a son; two children are enough for you. Marry them to each other when he comes of age;[127] and send him to Syracuse so that he can see his grandfather too. Plangon, my greetings to you; this letter is written in my own hand. Fare you well, good Dionysius, and remember your Callirhoe.

She sealed the letter and hid it in a fold of her dress. When the time came to put to sea, when everyone had to embark, she personally gave her hand to Statira and led her to the ship. Demetrius had set up a royal tent on the ship, with its sides made of purple, gold-stitched Babylonian cloth. Callirhoe, with the most flattering attentions, helped her to dispose herself on the couch. "Good-bye, Statira," she said. "Remember me and write to me often in Syracuse—anything is easy for the King. I shall tell my parents and the gods of Greece how grateful I am to you. I commit my child to your goodwill—you too liked to see him; tell yourself that you have him entrusted to you in place of me." At these words

127. In Greece half siblings with the same father (but not those with the same mother) could marry and often did. (Dionysius of course thinks that he is the father of both children.)

Statira's eyes filled with tears and she set her attendant women weeping and wailing. As she was leaving the ship, Callirhoe leaned a little towards Statira, blushed, and gave her the letter. "Give this to poor Dionysius," she said. "I recommend him to your care and the King's. Comfort him. I am afraid that now he is separated from me he may kill himself." The women would have gone on talking and weeping and embracing each other if the helmsmen had not given the order to put to sea. Just before she went on board, Callirhoe made an obeisance to Aphrodite. "I thank you, lady," she said, "for what is happening now. You are reconciled to me now; grant that I see Syracuse too! A great stretch of sea separates me from there; an ocean is waiting for me that is frightening to cross; but I am not frightened if you are sailing with me." None of the Egyptians would embark in Demetrius's ships without saying good-bye to Chaereas, kissing his head and hands; such affection did he inspire in everyone. And he let Demetrius's fleet put out to sea first, so that until it was far out cries of praise for him could be heard mixed with prayers for his well-being.

So they were off on their journey across the sea. Meanwhile, now that 5
the Great King had overcome his enemies, he sent a man to Egypt to restore order and stability there, while he hurried to Aradus to recover his wife. When he had reached Chios[128] and Tyre and was celebrating his victory by sacrificing to Hercules, a messenger arrived with the news that Aradus had been sacked and was now deserted, and that everything on the island was being carried away in the Egyptian ships. Of course this news caused the King deep distress—he thought the Queen was lost. The Persian nobles were in anguish too,

> Apparently for Statira, but in fact each for his own sorrows;[129]

one mourned his wife, another a sister, another a daughter, everyone some relative. The enemy had sailed off, but no one knew in what direction. The next day the Egyptian ships were seen approaching. Not knowing what the situation really was, they were surprised to see them. They were even more puzzled when the royal standard was broken from Demetrius's ship; usually it was flown only when the King was aboard. This caused confusion, since they were thought to be enemy ships. They ran at once to tell Artaxerxes. "Perhaps it will turn out to be a king of Egypt," they said. The King jumped up from his throne, rushed to the shore, and gave the signal for battle; he had no warships but posted all

128 Manifestly not the large island off the west coast of Asia Minor; Chariton, who lived in Caria, could hardly make such a mistake in geography. Either the text is corrupt or the name here refers to a locality near Tyre.

129 Euripides modified (women weeping, ostensibly for Patroclus but in fact for themselves).

his forces on the harbor ready for battle. They were already drawing their bows and were ready to throw their spears, had not Demetrius realized the situation and reported it to the Queen. Statira came out of her tent and showed herself. At once they threw down their arms and made obeisance. The King could not control himself but was the first to leap on board the ship, before it had even put in properly to shore. Throwing his arms round his wife, he wept in his joy. "What god has restored you to me, my dearest wife?" he said. "I cannot believe either that the Queen should be lost or that being lost she should be found again! How is it that when I left you behind on land, I recover you from the sea?" Statira replied, "I am a gift to you from Callirhoe." The sound of that name, to the King, was like a fresh blow on an old wound. He looked at the eunuch Artaxates. "Take me to Callirhoe; I want to thank her." "I will tell you the whole story," said Statira; and at that they went from the harbor to the palace. Then she told everyone to go away, allowing only the eunuch to stay, and told him what had happened on Aradus and in Cyprus; she ended by giving him Chaereas's letter. The King was filled with countless emotions as he read it: he was angry at the capture of his dear ones, he regretted making Chaereas go over to his enemies, and then again he was grateful to him that he could not see Callirhoe anymore.[130] But above all he was envious. "Happy Chaereas!" he said. "He is luckier than I!"

When they had described their experiences to their satisfaction, Statira said, "King, console Dionysius—Callirhoe asks you to do so." Artaxerxes turned to the eunuch. "Tell Dionysius to come," he said. He came at once, his hopes buoyed up; he knew nothing of what Chaereas had done, and thought that Callirhoe had come with the other women and that the King was calling him to give her to him as he had promised, as a reward for his courageous behaviour. When he came in, the King told him everything that had happened. It was at this critical moment above all that Dionysius showed his good sense and excellent upbringing. As if a man were to remain undisturbed by a thunderbolt landing at his feet, so Dionysius, when he heard words more distressing to him than any bolt from the blue—that Chaereas was taking Callirhoe away to Syracuse—remained steady; he did not think it prudent to give way to grief when the Queen had been saved. "If I could," said Artaxerxes, "I would have restored Callirhoe to you, Dionysius; you have shown yourself entirely devoted and loyal to me. But since that is impossible, I am appointing you to govern all Ionia, and you will be given the title of Principal Benefactor of the Royal House of Persia. Dionysius made obeisance, thanked

130. There may be some words missing in the text, to the effect that the King "was grateful to him that [he had treated the queen well, but sorry that] he could not see Callirhoe anymore."

the King, and made haste to leave so as to be able to give rein to his tears. As he left, Statira unobtrusively gave him the letter.

Dionysius went back to his quarters and shut himself in. When he recognized Callirhoe's handwriting, he first kissed the letter, then opened it and clasped it to his breast as if it were Callirhoe present in the flesh. He held it there for a long time, unable to read it for crying. After copious tears he began to read it, with difficulty; and the first thing he did was kiss the name "Callirhoe." When he came to the phrase "to Dionysius, my benefactor," he groaned: "Ah, no longer 'my husband!' No, it is you who are *my* benefactor—what have I done for you to deserve that name?" But he was pleased with the plea that the letter contained, and read the same passage time and time again, for it seemed to suggest that she had left him unwillingly; Love is such an irresponsible thing and can easily persuade a lover that he is loved in return! He gazed at the child and "rocked him in his arms."[131] "You too will leave me someday, my son," he said, "and go to your mother; that is what she herself asks. And I shall live all alone. It is all my own fault! It is my futile jealousy that has ruined me—and you, Babylon!" With these words he got ready to return to Ionia as quickly as possible, thinking he would find great consolation in a long journey, authority over many cities, and the likenesses of Callirhoe in Miletus.

This, then, was the situation in Asia. Meanwhile, Chaereas completed 6
the journey to Syracuse successfully; he had a following wind all the time. Since he had big ships, he took the route across the open sea, terrified as he was of once more being a target for some cruel deity's attack.[132] When Syracuse appeared on the horizon, he gave the order to the captains to decorate their ships, and also to sail in close formation since the sea was calm. The inhabitants saw them, and someone said: "Warships? Where are they coming from? They aren't Athenian, are they? We had better tell Hermocrates." He was told at once. "General," they said, "consider what you are going to do. Should we close the harbors? Or should we put out against them? We do not know whether a bigger fleet is following and the ones we can see are only an advance squadron." Hermocrates hurried down from the main square to the shore and sent a rowboat to meet them. The man he sent, when he drew near, asked who they were. Chaereas instructed one of the Egyptians to reply, "We are merchants from Egypt, with a cargo that will delight the Syracusans." "Well, do not all sail in together," said the Syracusan, "until we find out whether you are telling the truth. I cannot see any

131. Chariton here adapts a phrase from a famous scene in the *Iliad* (6.474) where Hector plays with his son, Astyanax, for the last time before going, as he knows, to meet his death at the hands of Achilles.

132. The direct route (cf. note 52 above) would be quickest, although for smaller ships it would also be dangerous sailing.

cargo ships—only naval vessels, which look like warships that have been in action. Most of you will have to stay at sea outside the harbor; one ship can come in." "We will do as you say."

So Chaereas's ship sailed in first. On its upper deck was a tent covered with Babylonian tapestries. When the ship docked, the whole harbor was full of people; a crowd is naturally an inquisitive thing, and on this occasion they had several other reasons for collecting. When they saw the tent, they thought that it contained not people but rich cargo; they made various conjectures about it, but guessed everything except the truth. For since they were already convinced that Chaereas was dead, it was quite out of the question that they should expect him to land back home alive, and amid such luxury. So Chaereas's parents did not even come out of their house. Hermocrates was active in the city's affairs but was also in mourning; on this occasion he was present but stayed in the background. No one knew what to make of it, and they were all straining their eyes, when suddenly the tapestries were drawn back. Callirhoe could be seen reclining on a couch of beaten gold, dressed in Tyrian purple; Chaereas, dressed like a general, sat beside her. Thunder never so stunned the ears nor lightning the eyes of those who beheld them, nor did anyone who had found a treasure of gold ever cry out as did that crowd then, when beyond all expectation they saw an indescribable sight. Hermocrates leapt on board, ran to the tent, and threw his arms around his daughter. "Are you alive, my child," he cried, "or is this too an illusion?" "I am alive, Father! I am really alive now that I have seen you!" They all wept for joy.

Meanwhile, Polycharmus was sailing in with the other ships—it was he who had been entrusted with the rest of the fleet since they left Cyprus, because Chaereas could no longer give his attention to anyone but Callirhoe. So the harbor quickly filled up; it looked like the scene after the sea fight with Athens—these ships too were sailing back from battle decorated with garlands and with a Syracusan commander. The crews of the ships joined their voices to those of the people on shore in mutual greeting; the air was thick with blessings, cries of praise, and prayers, exchanged by both sides. Chaereas's father came too, fainting with the unexpected joy. Chaereas's friends from young men's club and playing field jostled to welcome him. The women crowded round Callirhoe, who seemed to them to be lovelier than ever; you truly would have thought you were looking at Aphrodite herself as she arose from the sea.[133] Chaereas went up to Hermocrates and his father. "Accept from me," he said, "the riches of the Great King!" There and then he

133. According to one legend Aphrodite was born of the sea foam; indeed, that is what the name itself suggests. There was a famous painting "Aphrodite rising from the sea" by Apelles.

gave orders to unload an untold quantity of silver and gold; after that he displayed to the Syracusans ivory and amber and clothing and all sorts of costly material and craftsmanship, including a bed and table belonging to the Great King; so that the whole city was filled, not, as previously, after the Sicilian war, with the poverty of Attica, but—a real novelty—with Persian spoils, in time of peace!

With one voice the throng cried out, "Let us go to the assembly!" for 7
they were eager both to see and to hear them. More quickly than words can tell the theater was filled with men and women. When Chaereas came in by himself, they all cried out, men as well as women, "Call Callirhoe in!" In this too Hermocrates did what the people wanted: he brought his daughter in too. First the people lifted their eyes to heaven and praised the gods, more thankful for that day than for the day of their victory. After that, for a time they divided, the men uttering praise of Chaereas, and the women of Callirhoe; but then they turned to praising them both together—and that pleased the couple better. As soon as she had expressed her greetings to her country, Callirhoe was taken home from the theater after her journey and the distress she had suffered. But the crowd kept Chaereas there; they wanted to hear the whole story of his journey. Chaereas started at the end, since he did not want to cause the people sorrow by telling them of the grim episodes at the beginning. They kept on insisting, however. "Begin at the beginning, we beg you—tell us the whole story, don't leave anything out." Chaereas was reluctant to do so; he felt it would be embarrassing to talk about many events that had not turned out to his satisfaction. But Hermocrates said: "Do not be embarrassed, my boy, even if you have painful or unpleasant things to tell us. It has ended brilliantly, and that overshadows all the earlier events; whereas if you do not tell us, your very silence will make our suspicions worse. It is your own people and your own parents you are talking to, and they love you both equally. As for the first part of the story, the people themselves already know that—it was they themselves who brought about your marriage. We all know how you fell into unfounded jealousy because of the intrigue the rival suitors mounted,[134] and how you groundlessly struck your wife, and how she was thought dead and given a costly funeral, and how when you were tried for murder you condemned yourself to death out of your own mouth because you wanted to die along with your wife; but the people realized that what had happened was involuntary on your part and acquitted you. As for what happened after that—how the tomb robber Theron broke into the tomb at night, found Callirhoe alive among the funeral offerings, put her on his pirate ship, and sold her in Ionia; how you went out to search for

134. The text appears to be defective; I have adopted Jackson's emendation.

your wife, did not find her, but fell in with the pirate vessel at sea, and found all the rest of the pirates dead of thirst and only Theron still alive: how you brought him into the assembly and he was tortured and questioned and then crucified; how the city sent a ship and a delegation to bring back Callirhoe, and your friend Polycharmus volunteered to sail with you—all this we know. Now you tell us what happened after you sailed from here."

"Taking up the tale from there," Chaereas began his account. "We crossed the Ionian Sea safely and landed on the estate of a citizen of Miletus called Dionysius, a man preeminent throughout Ionia for his wealth, lineage, and distinguished reputation; he was the man who had bought Callirhoe from Theron for a talent. Do not be afraid; Callirhoe did not become a slave! At once he made the woman he had bought for money the mistress of his own heart. Loving her as he did, he would not bring himself to force his affections on a freeborn woman, but he could not bear to send back to Syracuse the woman he loved. When Callirhoe realized that she was pregnant by me, she found herself compelled to marry Dionysius, because she wanted to preserve your fellow citizen; she disguised the child's parentage so that it should be thought that Dionysius was the father, and so that it should be brought up in a worthy manner. Yes, Syracusans! There is growing up in Miletus one who will be a Syracusan; a wealthy one, and reared by a distinguished man—for Dionysius is indeed of distinguished Greek lineage. We should not grudge him his great inheritance!

8 "This, of course, I learned only later. At the time, when I had landed on this estate, I saw only Callirhoe's statue in a temple, and that gave me great confidence. But during the night a band of Phrygian brigands made a lightning raid on the shore, set fire to our ship, slaughtered most of us, tied me and Polycharmus up, and sold us in Caria."[135] The crowd broke out in lamentation at this. "Allow me to pass over in silence what happened next," said Chaereas. "It is grimmer than the beginning of the story." "Tell us the whole story!" cried the assembled people. Chaereas continued. "The man who bought us, a slave of Mithridates, the governor of Caria, ordered us to be put in chains and set digging. When some of the chain gang murdered their guard, Mithridates ordered us all to be crucified. I was taken away. Polycharmus, on the point of being tortured, spoke my name, and Mithridates recognized it—while staying

135. Chariton commits some inconsistencies in this final recapitulation. Here Chaereas speaks of Phrygian brigands; in 3.7 we are told that it was a "barbarian" (i.e., Persian) army unit that destroyed Chaereas's ships. A little farther on Chaereas says that Polycharmus uttered his (Chaereas's) name; in fact it was Callirhoe's (4.2). It is true that Chaereas himself could have no direct knowledge of these details, but it seems pointless for Chariton consciously to make him get them wrong; more probably Chariton himself is in some haste to finish his story.

with Dionysius in Miletus he had been present at Chaereas's funeral—Callirhoe had heard about the ship and the brigands, thought I had been killed, and constructed a costly tomb for me. So Mithridates at once ordered that I be taken down from the cross—I was practically finished by then—and put me among his closest friends; he was anxious to restore Callirhoe to me, and got me to write a letter to her. But through the carelessness of Mithridates' agent in the matter Dionysius got hold of the letter himself. He did not believe I was alive; he did believe that Mithridates had designs on his wife, and he immediately wrote to the King, accusing Mithridates of adulterous intentions. The King decided to hear the case and summoned everyone to him. So we went up to Babylon. Dionysius took Callirhoe with him and made her celebrated, the wonder of all Asia; Mithridates took me along with him; and when we got there we pleaded our cases in a great trial before the King. Well, he acquitted Mithridates at once and announced his intention of arbitrating between me and Dionysius over Callirhoe, whom he placed in the charge of Queen Statira in the meantime. How often, Syracusans, do you think I determined to kill myself, separated from my wife? Except that Polycharmus, the only friend to remain faithful to me thoughout, saved my life. Furthermore, the King had quite disregarded the case—he was passionately in love with Callirhoe. But he could not win her, and he did not offer her violence.

"At the critical moment there was a rebellion in Egypt; that started a great war, which however brought me great benefits. The Queen took Callirhoe with her, and I heard a false report—someone told me she had been awarded to Dionysius. To get my revenge on the King I went over to the Egyptians and brought off great feats: by my own actions I subdued Tyre, which was very difficult to take; then I was appointed admiral, beat the Great King at sea, and captured Aradus, where the King had left the Queen for safety, along with the riches you have seen. So I was able to set up the Egyptian king as lord of all Asia, only he was killed fighting in a separate battle where I was not present. Finally, I secured the Great King's friendship for you by making a present to him of his wife and by sending to the Persian nobles their mothers and sisters and wives and daughters. I have brought back here with myself the best Greek troops and those of the Egyptians who wanted to come. Another fleet of yours will come from Ionia too, and it will be commanded by the descendant of Hermocrates."

This account brought cries of well-wishing from everyone. Chaereas checked the applause and said: "I and Callirhoe express, in your presence, our gratitude to my friend Polycharmus. He has shown devotion and true loyalty to us; with your agreement, let us give him my sister as his wife—and he shall have a share of the spoils as his dowry!" The assembly

acclaimed his words. "The people are grateful to you, noble Polycharmus, their loyal friend! You are a benefactor of your country! You are worthy of Hermocrates and Chaereas!" After this Chaereas spoke again. "The three hundred men here," he said, "Greeks, my brave company—I ask you to grant them citizenship!" Again the assembly cried, "They are worthy to be citizens of Syracuse—let us have that voted!" A decree was passed, and they took their places at once as members of the assembly. Chaereas also made a present of a talent to each one, and Hermocrates distributed land to the Egyptians for them to farm.

While the crowd was in the theater, Callirhoe went to Aphrodite's temple before entering her house. She put her hands on the goddess's feet, placed her face on them, let down her hair, and kissed them. "Thank you, Aphrodite!" she said. "You have shown Chaereas to me once more in Syracuse, where I saw him as a maiden at your desire. I do not blame you, my lady, for what I have suffered; it was my fate. Do not separate me from Chaereas again, I beg of you; grant us a happy life together, and let us die together!"

That is my story about Callirhoe.